

"IN SEARCH OF A WIFE"
New Serial by Mrs DE HORNE VAIZEY

APRIL 1916

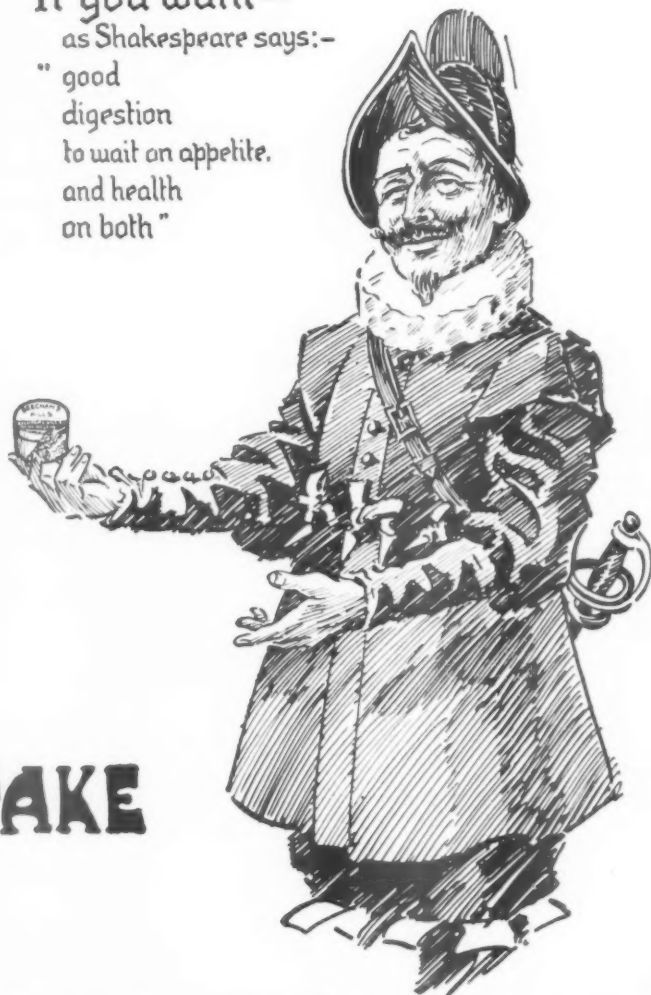
SIXPENCE NET

The QUIVER



Special Articles
by
SIR SIDNEY LEE
and
A.C. BENSON

If you want—
as Shakespeare says:—
" good
digestion
to wait on appetite.
and health
on both "



TAKE

BEECHAN'S PILLS

W. & A. 101
LONDON



Valet Blades are of
a quality to uphold
the high & established
reputation of the

"VALET" AutoStrop Safety Razor

The word "Valet" on razors, strops and blades indicates the genuine product of the AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Ltd., London, England.

The "Valet" AutoStrop is the only safety razor that strops itself. It has won a reputation the world over. It has revolutionised safety razor utility by providing a means of automatically sharpening the blade in 12 seconds without removing it from the frame—thus avoiding the bother of blade changing and the expense of constant blade renewals

But it is well to emphasise that the blade is as important as the razor and the strop as important as the blade. If you use a "Valet" AutoStrop and see that the blade and strop you

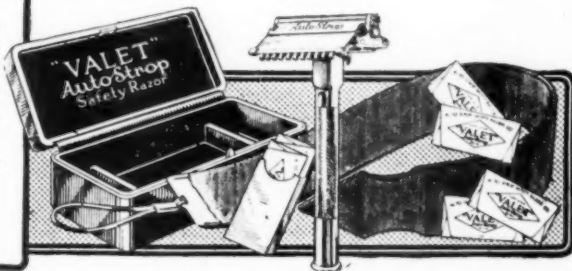
use with it also bear the trade mark "Valet" you will be sure of having the shaving outfit that stands first for efficiency, simplicity, economy, and sound well-finished construction.

Can be obtained at all high-class dealers throughout the World.

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., LTD., 61, NEW OXFORD ST., LONDON

The Standard Set consists of heavily silver-plated self-stropping razor, 12 "Valet" Blades, and "Valet" horsehide Strop, in leather-covered or nickel-plated case complete **21/-**

Other Sets for presentation at higher prices



THE QUIVER

W. HARBROW, Iron Building Works, S. BERMONDSEY STATION, S.E.

Telegrams—"Economical, London."

Telephone—Hop 746 & 747.

CHURCH, accommodating 220 persons. Constructed of timber framework, covered externally with galvanised corrugated iron, lined internally with match-boarding, stained and varnished.

Price £182, erected complete on purchaser's foundations.



Design 1079.

BILLIARD ROOM, 26 ft. by 20 ft., with verandah. Constructed of timber framework, lined internally with match-boarding, painted rusticated boarding to external walls, and galvanised iron roof with Lantern Light.

Price £110, erected complete upon purchaser's foundations.

110 PAGE CATALOGUE of Churches, Chapels, Mission Halls, Bungalows, Cottages, Billiard Rooms, Hospitals, Stables, Sanatoria, Stores, Club Rooms, Farm Buildings, Sheds, Gymnasiums, Aeroplane and Motor Garages, Skating Rinks, Electric Theatres, &c., **POST FREE** on mentioning this Publication.

CHURCH FURNITURE AND JOINERY A SPECIALITY.

SPECIAL EXPORT CATALOGUE.

The Largest ACTUAL MANUFACTURER in the Trade.

One Pair proves the economy of **Wood-Milne** Rubber Heels

An all-round economy it is, too—economy of energy, of nerves, of pocket—'Wood-Milne' Rubber Heels or Tips are always the most economical factor in their wearer's outfit!

'Wood-Milnes' make every road an easy road, keep you from getting down-at-heel, help you to feel sprightly all day long.

A War-Time Necessity

Such is the wearing quality of 'Wood-Milne' Rubber Heels that every pair saves ten times its cost; think—in these war-time days—how much that means!

Sold in many varieties and many sizes.

NO INCREASE IN PRICE

R.260





PATRONS

THE patronage of Royalty and the nobility of the United Kingdom is an honour which is never forgotten in the production of Daimler Motor Carriages.

Materials, design, craftsmanship—nothing but the best, irrespective of price, is embodied in a Daimler.

The Daimler Co., Ltd. COVENTRY

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SENSATIONAL GIFT TO GREY-HAIRED MEN AND WOMEN

London Specialist's Amazing Offer to Restore Lost Hair-Colour Without Dyes or Stains.

SEND TO-DAY FOR A MAGNIFICENT FREE GIFT TO BRING BACK YOUTH AND BEAUTY.

"You need no longer be grey-haired."

This is the wonderful message of a world-famous specialist to every grey or white-haired reader of THE QUIVER.

To prove his word—to prove to every man and woman that they need not look old any longer—Mr. Edwards, inventor of "Harlene Hair-Drill," has decided upon a colossal free-of-cost distribution of his wonderful new discovery, "Astol," that conquers grey hair.

Every one of the thousands of grey-haired men and women in the country is invited to share in this stupendous free distribution to bring back all the lost charm and attractiveness of a youthful appearance.

To everyone who sends the coupon below a supply of this marvellous discovery—"Astol"—with full directions for use, will be sent without cost and without obligation of any kind.

"Astol" is not a dye or stain. It in no way "paints" the hair shafts, but stimulates in a scientific and unerring manner the flow of natural colouring matter from the cells around the hair root until every single hair is once again flooded with "life" and colour from root to tip. "Astol" in appearance is a colourless fluid. It is easy to use, and once you have restored the lost hair-colour its effects are permanent.

However long you have borne the disadvantages of grey hair, or whatever the cause, "Astol" speedily commences to awaken the natural colouring matter around the hair root to new life and wonderful activity.

NO MORE HARMFUL DYES AND STAINS.

It is because of this that "Astol" has superseded all the artificial dyes and stains that had so harmful an effect on the hair-growth. Besides, dyes only stain the hair that is appearing above the scalp, and as the hair grows further, the tell-tale grey is quickly seen below the stain, whereas "Astol" actually restores the original natural colour from the very growing point of the hair, no matter what that colour may have been originally. It restores it, too, with tenfold lustre and beauty, and at the same time helps the hair-growth.

Thousands of men and women, "too-old-at-thirty or forty," because of premature grey hair—and thousands more whose hair was quite white, have been able to take years and years from their appearance of age by

accepting just the same free gift that is offered to you to-day.

This is what you will receive:

1. A free bottle of "Astol," the astounding discovery that conquers greyness entirely by natural means.
2. A packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, the delightful Hair and Scalp Cleanser.
3. Full instructions for use—scientifically formulated but perfectly simple to follow—which show you how easy it is to look young again and recover all your lost attraction.

POST THE COUPON BELOW TO-DAY FOR YOUR FREE GIFT.

You can secure your great free gift at once by simply sending the coupon below. After you have experienced the delight of seeing your grey hairs beginning to regain their former colour and lustre, with a tenfold beauty and attraction, you can always obtain further supplies of "Astol" from any chemist at 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. a bottle; "Cremex" Shampoo Powders, 7 for 1s. (single packets, 2d.); or direct, post free, on remittance, from Edwards' Harlene Co., 20-26 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.

London, W.C. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed.

POST THIS "GIFT OF YOUTH" COUPON.

To Edwards' Harlene Co.,
20-26 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me a free trial supply of "Astol," with full directions. I enclose 4d. stamps for postage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

THE QUIVER, April, 1916.



The remarkable free gift supply of "Astol," offered to all who are grey-haired, is illustrated above. Tell your grey-haired relatives or friends of this splendid opportunity in THE QUIVER.

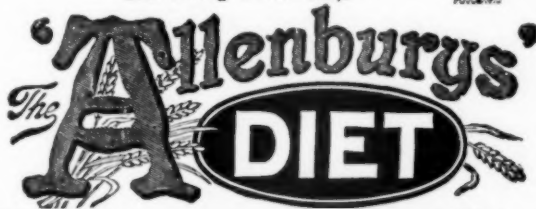
Disordered Digestion

The natural cure is special attention to diet thereby allowing the organs to recuperate. The "ALLENBURYS" Diet is the ideal food for dyspeptics, invalids, and those with impaired digestion, nourishing and invigorating the whole system.

MADE IN A MINUTE
add boiling water only.

Send 3d. Stamps
for large sample.

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Of Chemists
1/6 and 3/-
per Tin.
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D.28.

ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD., LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.

YOU CAN SIT at the PIANO and Play tunes TO-DAY

by
Nauntun's National Music System



This is not the impossible task which some people would have you to believe. With Nauntun's music to guide you, the piano is the easiest instrument in the world to play, for there is no drudgery, no practising tiresome exercises, no scales, sharps, flats or accidentals, no unexpected or unnecessary difficulty whatever.

Nauntun's National Music System is not a mechanical device nor a vamping method, but a **SIMPLE, RAPID and PERFECT System of Musical Notation** which you can learn to read, play and understand almost instantaneously.

You play tunes on your very first lesson.

What others have done quickly and well, you also can do with equal speed and ease. Not one of the 50,000 people who are already playing by this System had a better offer given to him and her than that which is given to you now. Read carefully through the coupon below and see the promise contained in it. If you then have a desire to play the piano perfectly, send your

I with the coupon to-day, and in return we will send you our "Special No. 1," containing five tunes, which we guarantee you can play. Thus you can judge for yourself the simplicity of our system and the accuracy of our statements. This small outlay will open up the delights of the vast realm of music to you just as it has done for the 50,000 and more people who are already playing by it. Never in all your life will you have spent a shilling to better purpose.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER COUPON.

To THE MANAGER, NAUNTUN'S NATIONAL MUSIC SYSTEM, MEMORIAL HALL, FARRINGTON ST., LONDON, E.C.

Bring a reader of THE QUIVER, and desiring to test your system, I send herewith postal order for **One Shilling**, in return for which please send me your "Special No. 1," published at 2s., containing five tunes, with your instructions how I can play at the first sitting, also particulars of how I can become a THOROUGH musician by your Course of Instruction.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

DATE _____



A
"BLACKBIRD"
For the Home

5/-

With pocket clip, 5/6
By post, 3d. extra.

A good pen for family use is a boon in the home, especially when so many friends are on active service. The "Blackbird" Fountpen is ideal for this purpose. It is so handy—always ready when you want it—and a pleasure to write with. The "Blackbird" has a strong gold nib, well-made holder, and carries a large ink supply. It is the finest pen value at 5/-. Get a "Blackbird" to-day.

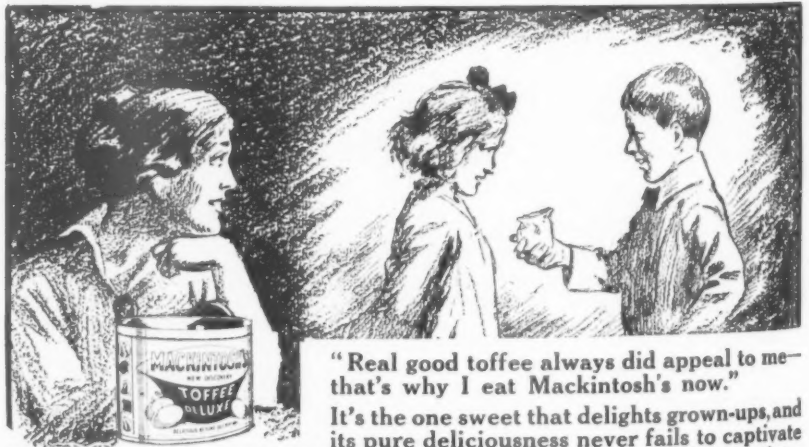
MABIE, TODD & CO., LTD.,
79 and 80 High Holborn, London, W.C.

Made
by
The "Swan" Pen
People.

**THE
'BLACKBIRD'
FOUNT PEN**

28 Cheapside, E.C. ; 95a and 204 Regent St.,
W., LONDON ; 3 Exchange St., MANCHESTER.

Supplied
in
all
Points.



"Real good toffee always did appeal to me—that's why I eat Mackintosh's now."

It's the one sweet that delights grown-ups, and its pure deliciousness never fails to captivate

the children—it's pure, wholesome and nutritious—cannot pall or satiate.

MACKINTOSH'S

TOFFEE DE LUXE

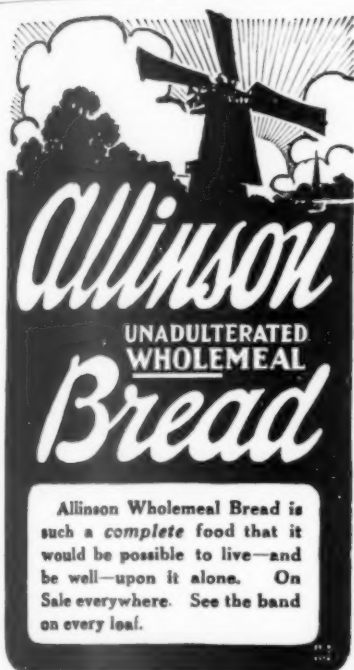
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Just Butter, Sugar, and thick rich Cream blended in the "Mackintosh way."

Just Toffee-de-Luxe cunningly blended with real English Mitcham Peppermint

Fig 11


4-lb. tin, 5/-; 1/4 lb. loose, from all Confectioners; sold also in 1/- tins.



Allinson
UNADULTERATED
WHOLEMEAL
Bread

Allinson Wholemeal Bread is such a *complete* food that it would be possible to live—and be well—upon it alone. On Sale everywhere. See the band on every loaf.

CHIVERS' Carpet Soap
CLEANS CARPETS LIKE NEW
AT ALL STORES 6^d



Sample sent on receipt of Penny Stamp.

J. Chivers & Co., Ltd., 9 Albany Works, Bath.

Are you Suffering? £500 Reward.

We desire every man or woman who is afflicted with indigestion or other complaints to write to us. We don't want you to send any money. Simply send us your name and address. We want to tell you the glorious news that we have discovered a positive cure for INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, NERVES, KIDNEY TROUBLE, HEART DISEASE, GOUT and RHEUMATISM. We can prove it to you. Not by what we say about our discovery, but by letters from thousands of one-time suffering people who have cured themselves in their own homes by means of our wonderful discovery. We want to send you some of these letters from grateful sufferers who have had their complaints cured. Every letter has the full name and address of the writer, and we will forfeit £500 (five hundred pounds) if every letter is not absolutely genuine. We want you to satisfy yourself that our discovery is a real cure for your complaint. It will cost you nothing to test the value of our wonderful discovery, as we will gladly send a free sample to any reader who mentions this paper and their ailments, and encloses 1d. stamp to cover postage. Address your letter to Mr. STEVENSON, MANAGER THE MEDICAL CARBON CO. (Proprietors of the Opax Charcoal Remedies), NEWCASTLE CHAMBERS, ANGEL ROW, NOTTINGHAM.



Nerve Strength

Weak nerves are the signals of a weakened system; and there is no surer or safer way of setting these matters to rights than a short course of Hall's Wine.

After illness, overwork, or in convalescence, Hall's Wine is of the greatest value. It starts its good work at once, restoring the tissues, feeding the nerves, improving the circulation, and strengthening digestion, so that you get the fullest benefit from your food. You feel its splendid power in every fibre of your being, and realise to the full the joy of being alive.

Shattered Nerves Restored.

"Hall's Wine has done all you say it will," writes a sufferer. "My nerves were completely shattered, but thanks to Hall's Wine I am rapidly improving."

Won't you try Hall's Wine to-day?

Hall's Wine

The Supreme Restorative

GUARANTEE.—Buy a bottle to-day. If, after taking half, you feel no real benefit, return us the half-empty bottle, and we will at once refund your full outlay.

Large size bottle, 3s. of all Wine Merchants, &c.

STEPHEN SMITH & CO., LTD.,
BOW, LONDON



STANWORTH'S "Defiance" UMBRELLAS

THIS UMBRELLA

photographed before and after repair, is an example of what can be done in the Stanworth workshops.

A complete wreck in the first picture, the second shows the poor "patient" after being repaired and re-covered with the famous Stanworth "Defiance" Silk Union.

Send us your old Umbrella

to-day together with P.O. for 5/-, and it will reach you per return of post, looking as fresh as on the day you first purchased it. Postage on Foreign Orders 1/- extra.

A post card will bring you our Illustrated Catalogue of Stanworth "Defiance" Umbrellas, and patterns for re-covering umbrellas from 2/6 upwards.

STANWORTH & CO.,
Northern Umbrella Works,
BLACKBURN.



HAVE YOU WEAK NERVES? My free book (intensely interesting) shows how lassitude, depression, brain fog, self-consciousness, nerve, stomach, or heart weakness may be **positively cured, under guarantee.** Enclose 2 stamps; mention ailment. Become efficient—stop failing. **THOMAS INCH** (Dept. 6, 74 Clarendon Road, Putney, London).

EARN £5 TO £20 WEEKLY. Ladies and gentlemen are required at once to learn Advertising business at home in spare time under expert direction. You can qualify for good positions and profitable home work in short time. Write to-day for Illustrated Book explaining how. Dept. Q.R., Page-Davis Co., 133 Oxford Street, London, W.

ENGLISH HAND MADE LACE

For beautiful designs and wearing quality Buckinghamshire lace has attained the foremost position, and costs little more than the machine-made varieties. Send for my book, "The Romance of Lace-making," post free—Mrs. QUEX ARMSTRONG, OLNEY, BECKS.

HAVE YOU A DOG?

Then by means of the "QUIK" DOG POWDERS you can always keep him in the pink of condition, healthy, hearty, full of life, free from all Skin Diseases and other complaints, and also from the most objectionable troubles due to the presence of **WORMS**. These Powders may be used with the utmost confidence, as they are prepared from the recipe of one of the best-known and most successful Dog Breeders in the World. **6d. & 1/- post free for 7d. & 1/-** from **F. H. PROBERT & CO., Ltd.**, Spring Hill, BIRMINGHAM. Harrolds and other Stores, Boots, Rexall, and most Chemists and Corn Dealers.



Put your feet in real Scotch Brogues

Note the ease and footshape of them; D. Norwell & Son have studied for 100 years the making of these Brogues—every stitch and welt is there for comfort and for good hard

—surprisingly hard—wear.

And there's a most distinctive style about Norwell's "Perth" Brogues that remains—they always look "dressy" in any weather.

Remember, a shoe's just as strong as its weakest part; Norwell's "Perth" Brogues have no weakest part—the vital points are strengthened cunningly, and every stitch betokens lengthy wear.

Two-Buckle "Gramplan" Brogue for Ladies.

Tipper of Tony Red Brown Willow

or Black Box Calf—a stylish Shoe, made to resist hard wear and tear.

18/6 Post Free

splendid for big girls' wear

The "Hoylake" Sandal.

Lady's "Tony" Red Brown Tassel Painted Brogue. An exclusive style of high-class

fancy Brogue, built for cooling, therefore good for any out-of-door occasion. A charming Shoe, keeping its shape to the last.

Also made in the new patent enamel leathers, do not crack, very stylish wear. **18/6** extra per pair.

22/6

Norwell's "Perth" Brogues

Direct from Scotland.

Norwells guaranteed perfect satisfaction with every transaction—or cheerfully refund every penny of your money.

D. NORWELL & SON
Perth, Scotland.
Specialists in good-wearing footwear.
(Established over 100 years.)
Foreign Orders receive special attention.

Write NOW for New Footwear Catalogue.

The "Cromwell" Brogue.

A Lady's Dress Brogue for Promenade wear. Uppers are of best Calfskin. Black or various shades of Brown.

A rich-looking, highly finished Shoe, very durable

22/6

*Are you a
Servantless
Mistress*

IF so, you can save your-
self all drudgery in cleaning
lino and polished floors—save all
sweeping and kneeling—by using

THE NEW TRIANGULAR
O-Cedar Mop
Polish

Impregnated Ready for Use. 5/2
Cleans as it polishes. Does in
a few minutes every morning
work that hitherto took an
hour or more.

FREE TRIAL for one week.
Deposit the price with your
Dealers, and if not satisfied
your money will be refunded.

If unobtainable, send to the Manufacturers:
Cannell Chemical Co., Ltd., 41-43 Old Street, London, E.C.

O-Cedar Mop
Polish



For Spring Cleaning without dust use the

**Bissell
Vacuum Sweeper**
Sold everywhere Price from 27/6



Peach's Curtains

Caseament Fabrics, Linens, Roller
Blinds, Laces, &c. Send for New Catalogue
showing GREAT ADVANTAGES IN BUYING DIRECT
FROM MAKERS, large choice, exclusive designs.
PEACH'S Patent Hems, superb effect,
unobtainable elsewhere. Thrifty housewives
welcome our Catalogue. Write for it now.
S. PEACH & SONS, 120 The Looms, Nottingham

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

**Goddard's
Plate Powder**

Sold everywhere 6d 1/2 2/6 & 4/6

**DO YOU KNOW
OF THE IMMENSE VALUE OF
ELECTRICITY
AS A
CURATIVE AGENT?**



Poisonous drugging is superseded—that is, the old-fashioned way of trying to regain your health. Electricity, Nature's own remedy, is the right way, the modern and up-to-date way. Thousands of patients, many of whom had given up hope of ever regaining their health, are daily pouring out their thanks for the new life, health and strength infused into their weakened bodies by the "AJAX" Battery. You must learn all about this wonderful remedy that succeeds where the old-fashioned methods have failed. Electricity repairs the broken-down human machinery by pouring a stream of new life into the enfeebled organs. Debilitated stomachs are made to digest and bowels to act. Bladder trouble is banished, and sluggish livers become a thing of the past, the whole nervous system is dominated by this irresistible power that imbues it with perfect health. It gives you back the strength you have lost. Write at once for our book, and we will give you undeniable and scientific proof that many illnesses, and all weaknesses, pains and aches cannot resist this supreme remedy.

WE TELL YOU FREE

So decide now to investigate, and drop us a line asking for our illustrated 80-page book that explains to you how Electricity, appropriately applied, cures Nervous Debility, Weakness, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Stomach, Liver and Bladder trouble, etc.

It costs you nothing, so write to-day and find out how to regain life's charm. The book is immediately sent to you, post free, in a sealed envelope.

AJAX LTD

THE BRITISH ELECTRIC INSTITUTE
(Dept. 52), 25 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!



Brooks' Appliance is a new scientific discovery with automatic air cushions that draws the broken parts together, and binds them as you would a broken limb. It absolutely holds firmly and comfortably, and never slips. Always light and cool, and conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting. We make it to your measure, and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. Remember, we make it to your order—send it to you—you wear it—and if it doesn't satisfy you, you send it back to us, and we will refund your money. That is the way we do business—always absolutely on the square—and we have sold to thousands of people this way for the past ten years. Remember, we use no salves, We just give you a straight business deal at a reasonable price. Write at once for our Illustrated Booklet.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 638C Bank Bldg., Kingsway, London, W.C.

STAMPS

LET US SEND YOU A FREE

SPECIMEN COPY OF THE "STAMP COLLECTOR"

containing over 200 competitive advertisements from all over the world, and Notes on Current Topics and New Issues.

— Send a Postcard NOW —

MARSDEN'S, Dept. Q., BIRMINGHAM.



"It Worked Like a Charm"

writes a clergyman who has suffered from Asthmatic affection for fifty years. At all chemists 4/3 a tin.

= A Stylish and Economical Blouse



Lawrie & Smith's Real Scotch Wincey is the ideal material for Blouse wear. Its unique beauty of texture, and wide range of designs and colourings, are much appreciated by ladies of taste. Then it not only doesn't shrink in the wash—it actually improves in appearance with each washing. The colours are absolutely fast too, and it wears exceptionally well.

LAWRIE & SMITH'S Real Scotch Wincey

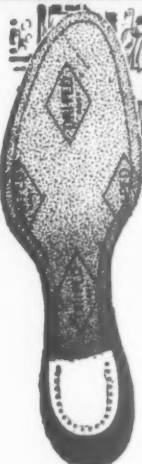
is of all British manufacture, so that you support home industries, and at the same time get absolute Blouse satisfaction.

The price of Real Scotch Wincey is from 1/- per yd.

FREE.—With every Blouse length ordered we send you free a paper pattern of the charming Blouse illustrated, and simple, practical instructions for making. It is also ideally suited for making up into ladies' nightdresses, slimmer suits, children's and men's pyjamas, children's frocks, etc. Write to-day for free Wincey patterns. We have also a fine selection of Cotton Voiles, Piques, Tartans and Scotch Tweeds.

No. 1002
Patterns of this
Blouse
FREE.

LAWRIE & SMITH (Dept. F).
82 Real Scotch Wincey House, Ayr, Scotland.



The very lightest and daintiest footwear for ladies is improved in wear, in shape, and comfort by Dri-ped—which is absolutely waterproof, double-wearing, light and flexible. Ordinary Leather lasts only half as long as a Dri-ped Sole of the same thickness.

DRI-PED

THE SUPER-LEATHER FOR SOLES

Cuts down all-the-family's Boot Bill; defies the cobbles' roughness and the pavement's hardness, in summer or winter, wet weather or fine, besides giving the greatest comfort ever a sole-leather gave.

Dri-ped Sole Leather costs a little more, but the extra cost is thrice repaid by the double or treble wear it gives.

NOTE.—To get the best results, ask your repairer to fix "Dri-ped" Through Soles—that is, to carry the soles through under the heel. Having Through Soles fixed instead of Half Soles gives greater elasticity to the instep, prevents cracking at the "waist," and ensures the boots being watertight. It costs a little more, but is worth it.

See the Diamond Trade Mark as shown above, in purple every few inches on each sole; without it, the leather's a substitute.

Get new boots with Dri-ped Soles for Men, Women, or Children. Have Dri-ped used for all re-soling.

GET THIS FREE BOOKLET! Ask your Repairer or Dealer (or write us direct) for the illustrated Booklet "About the Diamond Sign of Double Wear," post free from William Walker & Sons, Ltd., Advt. Dept., County Buildings, Cannon Street, Manchester.



Couldn't Sleep For "Nerves"

Dr. Cassell's Tablets Cure bad case of Nervous Indigestion.

"Dr. Cassell's Tablets have really done me a world of good, and I'm sure I shall always speak well of them," says Mrs. Walker, of 6 Anderson Mount, Gledhow Road, Leeds.

Mrs. Walker's case is another instance of the incomparable restorative power of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. She suffered intensely during the eighteen months of her illness, in spite of all the many preparations she tried, yet when she got Dr. Cassell's Tablets she was soon cured, as all similarly affected must be who take this great remedy. Mrs. Walker continues:—"Some eighteen months ago I got into a low, weak state, terribly run-down and nervous. My digestion was all out of order, and after food I used to suffer dreadfully with pain between my shoulders, and wind. Often, too, I had bad attacks of sick headache. Then I began to suffer with my throat. First there was catarrh, and then my throat began to swell and to pain me. It got quite big, and there was a feeling as though something was gripping it. Really it was like being strangled. I was terribly nervous; I couldn't sleep for nerves. Sometimes couldn't even remain indoors, but had to go out and walk about. I had medical advice, of course, and took a lot of things, wines and so on, to get back my strength, but they were not a bit of use. I was told that I had rheumatism of the throat.

"Then it was I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and almost at once I felt an improvement. The swelling in my throat went down and my nerves grew steady. Very soon I was cured, and now feel quite well and strong.

"I may add that I have since given Dr. Cassell's Tablets to my little girl Edith, for St. Vitus' Dance, and they have completely cured her, though it was a very severe attack."

It is the strengthening effect on the nerve centres of the body that gives Dr. Cassell's Tablets their remarkable efficacy in cases such as this. They build up the vital forces and so enable the body to cure itself.



Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

SEND FOR A FREE BOX.

Send your name and address and two penny stamps for postage, etc., to Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Box BW6r, Chester Road, Manchester, and you will receive a trial box free.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alternative, Anti-Spasmic, and of great Therapeutic value in all derangements of the Nerve and Functional Systems in old or young. They are the recognised modern home remedy for:—

Nervous Breakdown	Neurasthenia	Kidney Disease	Wasting Diseases
Nerve Paralysis	Nervous Debility	Indigestion	Palpitation
Spinal Paralysis	Sleeplessness	Stomach Disorder	Loss of Flesh
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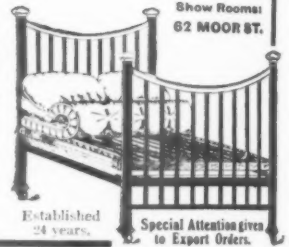
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The 2/9 bottle contains *three times as much* as the 1/3 size.



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"So Easy to Use."

Saves Expense and Worry.

It does worry the housewife when the curtains are shabby and there is no spare money for new ones. "Dolly Cream" will save all the trouble, for by its use the curtains can be freshened up to look just like new again.

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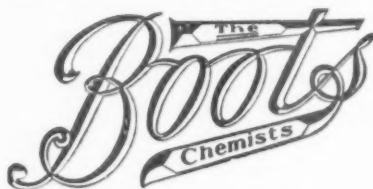
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The strain of the War, mentally and financially, is felt by all of us, but we must not let the work of our great Charitable Societies go by default. More than ever it is necessary that those who can should render assistance to these sorely tried institutions.

May I earnestly commend to your sympathetic consideration the claims of the charities mentioned in these pages?

I shall be most pleased to receive and pass on subscriptions for any of them. No deductions are made for office expenses.

Your friend,

The Editor

La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.
March, 1916.

For Our Brave Soldiers & Sailors

CHURCH ARMY RECREATION HUTS TENTS AND CLUBS:

Under Fire in Flanders; also in France, Malta, Egypt, Salonica, East Africa, Mesopotamia, India, and the United Kingdom.

**Will YOU supply one Hut (£300),
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Equipment, £100 per Hut. Week's Working, £5 Abroad, £2 at Home.

**MANY MORE HUTS, etc.,
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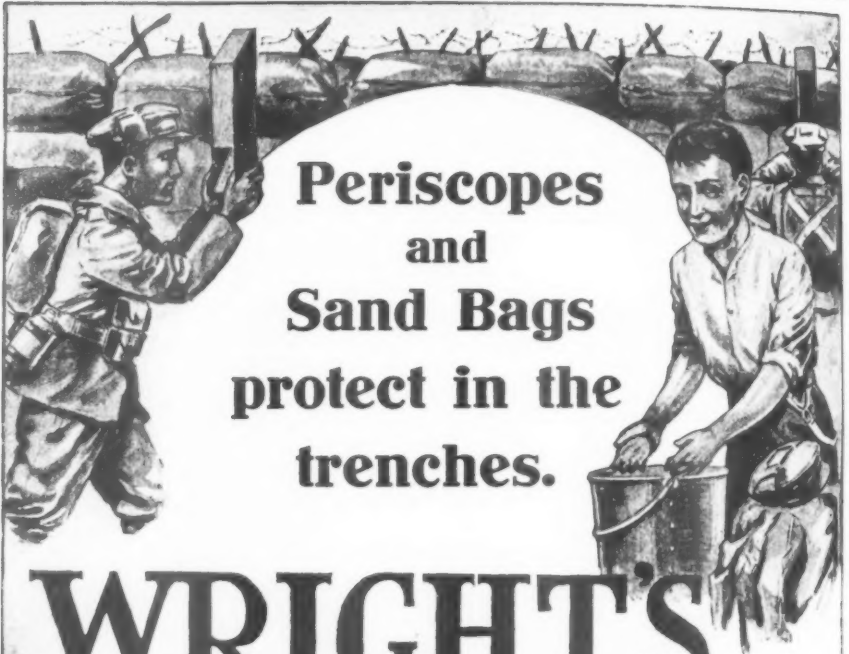
To Alison, "The Quiver,"
La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

I should like to be entered as a Companion of the "HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE" CORNER, and will try to help in any way I can. I enclose a penny stamp for a Certificate of Membership.

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and
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protect in the
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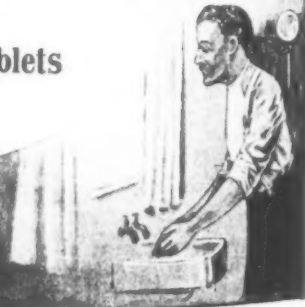
WRIGHT'S

**COAL
TAR SOAP**

**protects there and
everywhere.**

*It also Soothes
and Heals.*

**Box of Three Tablets
1/-**



THE QUIVER

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Here is a specimen year's work:—

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Used in
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In Tins
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A NEAVE'S FOOD
PRIZE BABY.

Dr. —, L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S. Ed., L.F.P.S. Glas., etc. (Leeds), writes:—"Your Neave's Food is suiting our youngster admirably, for which we are very thankful. . . . She was not doing well on cow's milk and water alone."—10th September, 1913.

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So wrote Herrick; and no one knew better than he did the irresistible charm of a clear, healthy complexion—just such a complexion as is attained by regular use of Royal Vinolia Cream.

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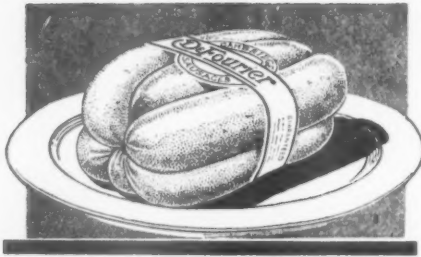
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1/6 Sold Everywhere. 1/6

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Rodness	Roughness	Scurf	Acne	Spots

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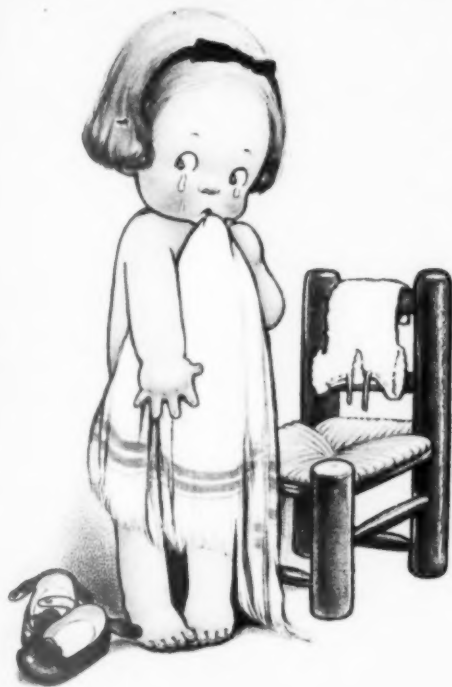
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"She waved her hand to Anthony as he wheeled his bicycle down the drive"—p. 537.

Drawn by
N. S. S. S.

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THE QUIVER



VOL. LI., No. 6

APRIL, 1916

New Short Serial

IN SEARCH OF A WIFE

The Quest of Anthony Graeme, Schoolmaster

By Mrs. GEO. DE HORNE VAIZEY

ANTHONY GRAEME was a schoolmaster born and bred; by inherent qualities of personality which made him the ruler of the nursery while still in tunics and ankle-straps; by a training and education planned according to the highest ideal of British culture. It was a tradition in the Graeme family that its cadets took a Winchester Scholarship, and later on an Exhibition at Oxford, and Anthony did what was expected of him, and more, gaining higher honours than any of his predecessors, and a double blue into the bargain. He was a splendid giant of a fellow, standing six feet three in his stocking feet; moreover, he had none of the usual weediness of the over-sized man, but possessed a fine pair of shoulders, square and erect, and a lithe, active body, every movement of which was instinct with vigorous young life.

Anthony was born with the dangerous gift of popularity. Everyone liked him, everyone welcomed his coming. Never in the whole course of his twenty-eight years had he known a moment's diffidence, or

mauvaise honte. This is no doubt a delightful experience, but it brings about its own limitations, and there were occasions when Anthony's friends came in contact with a certain denseness and lack of sympathy which caused a momentary jar.

It is a truism that it is necessary to suffer in order to understand, and Anthony had never suffered. Success had come to him so easily that he was impatient of the failings of others—of those of men of his own age, that is to say, for it has been stated that he was a schoolmaster by nature, which being interpreted means that he was gifted with an extraordinary sympathy for the genus boy. Anthony loved boys, and in return boys admired Anthony, and held him in that discreet mingling of affection and dread which every schoolmaster regards as the ideal condition.

Out of school hours he was more like a big boy than a master, full of life, full of chaff, sharing in the boys' interests and hobbies, acclaiming their jokes with shouts of appreciative laughter; but even in the playground no one dare over-step by an inch

THE QUIVER

the fine line of distinction which exists between a pupil and the master of his form; while in form itself no captain pacing a quarter-deck was more relentless in his discipline. At the slightest sign of insubordination the handsome, careless face would stiffen into an iron mask; the slacker, the careless, the inattentive, had no mercy at his hands, but the boy who did his best, albeit with poor results, was supported by a never-failing patience and encouragement.

In conclave together the masters of Harton discussed the explanation of Graeme's power.

"He is the most popular man in the school, and gets most out of the boys. He's clever, of course, but——"

"Cleverness doesn't enter into the question. It's personality that tells. Graeme has a magnetism—what women call 'a way with him.' It's something apart from degrees and qualifications. The psychic power which characterises all leaders of men."

"Psychic fiddlesticks!" grumbled Ross of the lower fifth, a small, wizened-looking man who bore a constant grudge against Fate. "Psychic fiddlesticks! It's his handsome face that does it, and the bulk of him, towering over them like a young giant. They don't realise it themselves, but it influences them all the same. They look upon him as the ideal man. If an accident spoiled his good looks, he'd lose half his influence at a blow."

"My dear fellow," contradicted another, "personality is more than skin-deep. If Graeme were a humpbacked dwarf he would still be a leader of men. I wouldn't mind prophesying that in ten years' time he will have outstripped us all."

The dignified personage who was Head of historic Harton wasted no time in discussing the secret of Graeme's power. He accepted it as a fact, and as a valuable asset in the success of the school which it behoved him at all costs to retain, and on the afternoon on which this history begins he summoned the young man to his study to disclose to him important developments of the near future.

A certain house master had decided to retire at the end of the Christmas term, eight months from the present date. His wife's increasing delicacy of health made a more bracing neighbourhood necessary, while a recent legacy from a relative removed the necessity for work. He would

retire, and his house would consequently be vacant. It was the Head's desire, under certain circumstances, to offer Graeme the house.

The blood flew to Anthony's face. His heart swelled with triumphant joy. He had heard nothing of the proposed retirement, and had feared that years must elapse before he could achieve the coveted distinction of being the head of a house, and now, in a moment, the prize was thrust into his hands! He paid no heed to the inferred stipulation. What stipulation could exist to which he would not readily agree in order to gain his goal?

"Under certain conditions," the Head repeated suavely. "You are aware that at present all the house masters are married men. It is my experience that a woman—the right kind of woman—can be of inestimable service to her husband in the organising and management of a school-house, and also that parents prefer their sons to be under the influence of a gentlewoman who will take a kindly interest in their welfare. I wish to make you the first offer of the house, Mr. Graeme, but before doing so you must excuse my asking some questions of a somewhat personal nature. Is there—er—any immediate prospect of your marriage with a lady who—er—?"

Anthony's lips gave a quick, expressive twist.

"I am not engaged, sir."

"Ah!" the Head frowned. "I am sorry to hear that. I had imagined that in all probability a man of your age——"

"I am not at present engaged to be married," Anthony repeated stolidly. "But——"

The emphasis of that "But," the determination of it, the swinging confidence and dash, brought a smile to the Head's lips. Knowing the popularity and charm of the young giant before him, he felt assured that when he went in search of a wife there could be little doubt as to his reception. In all probability there was a love affair already on hand, and now that his prospects were assured, Graeme would only need to speak the requisite words.

"Quite so," he answered dryly. "It is an omission which, no doubt, can be readily made good. We will leave the matter open for another six months, when I shall hope to discuss it under—er—improved conditions!"

Six months! Anthony left the study and

IN SEARCH OF A WIFE

returned to his own room, where he passed a tumultuous half-hour. A house! Brewster's house! In imagination he leapt with a bound into Brewster's shoes, saw himself reorganising, re-making, putting into execution cherished ideas which until now he had been forced to keep in check. To be head of Brewster's house would be an important step towards the achievement of his crowning ambition, which was to become Head of one of the great English schools; it would fill his life with new and absorbing interests. For the first moments Anthony's thoughts were engrossed with the house itself, then, with a twitching of the lips, half serious, half amused, he recalled the stipulation. He would not be given the house as an unmarried man. The Head demanded a wife; it followed, therefore, as a matter of course, that a wife he must find. Not for the fraction of a second did Anthony hesitate. If it had been necessary, and the law would have sanctioned the superfluity, he would have espoused a dozen wives to achieve such an end!

But six months! Six months seemed an uncommonly short time. A fellow had to find the right girl, to pursue her friendship until he was on an intimate footing with herself and her family, had then to alter his demeanour and become more or less lover-like, and finally to—er—to propose! Anthony grimaced as he mentally pronounced the word. Even after that ordeal was successfully accomplished, there would follow an engagement which prudent parents would probably refuse to shorten unduly, and as a culmination there would be the fluff and fluster of a wedding!

Anthony sighed. Across the rosy vision of the future, this search of a

wife hung like a heavy cloud. Like most men he intended to marry before reaching middle-age, but the nature of his work and his entire absorption therein had so far protected him from the passing flirtations with which most men amuse themselves before they settle down to matrimony. In term time he was absorbed with his school, in the summer holidays he usually accompanied a friend on a walking and climbing expedition, which represented to both the acme of human enjoyment; at Christmas he went to an unfashionable Swiss resort, accompanied by the same friend, plus a selection of younger brothers who worked at sports with the exhaustive energy of their kind, and were consequently too tired to take part in the frolics in the evening.



"I am not at present engaged to be married. But——"

Drawn by
N. Schlegel.

THE QUIVER

Reviewing the past eight years Anthony was astonished to realise how few girls had entered into his life, how very little he knew of them as a class. And yet in six months' time one of these almost unknown creatures was to be linked to himself in the closest and most inexorable of human relationships! It was a strange and disturbing thought, and as his mind dwelt upon it more fully, the first easy confidence disappeared, and his certainty was pierced with doubt.

He must set about finding *the* girl.

How was he to be sure that she *was* the right girl when found?

The search was complicated by the fact that she must be fitted to fill the two separate positions of wife to Anthony Graeme, and mistress of a school-house. She must suit the house as well as himself, meet the approval of the boys in addition to his own. She must run the awesome ordeal of the Head's inspection!

Anthony's bewilderment deepened into depression as he pondered over the situation, until suddenly, like a burst of sunlight from between banking clouds, there flashed upon him a brilliant, an irradiating inspiration.

Philippa Deering!

The blood rushed to his face; he whipped his hands out of his pockets and struck them together with triumphant delight. Stupid ass that he had been, wasting time in considering possibilities, when Philippa was there, waiting—the ideal person for the filling of both posts! Dear Phil! Bonnie Phil! Plucky, spirited, friendly little Phil! How the boys would love her! How she would love the boys! In imagination Anthony could see the girl seated in the re-furnished drawing-room of Brewster's house, entertaining different batches of pupils to tea, and talking to them in her brisk, humorous fashion, which was of all others what they would most appreciate and understand. Oh, there was no doubt that the boys would delight in Philippa, and she had a clever head of her own; and was quite a sensible age, too, twenty-five on her last birthday, a woman rather than a girl, and skilled in the management of a house. There was little doubt that the Head would approve!

And then—last of the three—Anthony took thought for himself. How would he himself approve of Philippa as a wife? He flushed a little as he put the question, and his eyes narrowed in thought. Well!

Such an idea had never before entered his head, but now that it was there it was agreeable enough. He was fond of Philippa. She was a nailing good sort. She didn't bore a fellow, as girls had a habit of doing. She was a charming companion, had her own ideas, and stuck to them like a brick. He would feel confidence in her judgment. Incidentally, also, he liked her looks. Not exactly pretty, perhaps, but she had a way—— He especially recalled a habit of drooping the head, and looking upward through a fringe of dark straight lashes. In books the lashes of the heroine invariably curled, but Phil's were straight, and not particularly long at that. Just a dark thick fringe above and below the eye, but they were extraordinarily attractive, all the same. Whenever Anthony recalled Philippa it was always with this upward look; always with a mental picture of those dark-fringed eyes.

"I'll ride over this afternoon and propose to Phil!" said Anthony to himself.



Philippa was the only daughter of an old friend of the Graeme family, and as the Deering homestead was situated but a few miles from Harton School, it formed a pleasant objective for Anthony's bicycle rides on holiday afternoons. Sometimes Mrs. Deering and Philippa were at home when he called, sometimes they were out, but he was on sufficiently intimate terms to demand tea in either case, and to make himself comfortable with a pipe and a book. When by chance Phil was discovered alone, Anthony discoursed to her on his own concerns, and she agreed or disagreed as the case might be, but was unfailingly interested and sympathetic. Surely he might count upon her aid in this great, this crowning ambition!

It seemed an omen for good that on this special afternoon Philippa should be discovered seated on the sunny balcony leading out of the drawing-room. She waved her hand to Anthony as he wheeled his bicycle up the drive, and by the time he reached her side another cup had been brought from the house, and she was busy filling it for his benefit. He sank into the chair by her side and gazed at her with quickened interest, seeing her in a new and astonishing light, as the partner of his life.

What he saw was a well-built girl

IN SEARCH OF A WIFE

of middle height, with dark brown hair, which, parted in the middle, first dipped low upon the brow, and was then swept backward, showing a glint of copper light in the undergrowth. The hair was beautiful, so was the wide, low forehead, so were the dark-lashed eyes, but the rest of the features were ordinary enough, and the general verdict on beholding Philippa Deering for the first time would be rather, "What a nice girl!" than any acclamation of good looks. On this particular afternoon she wore a blue knitted golf coat over her dress; the hands with which she manipulated the tea things were rather brown than white, but delightfully well-shaped and well-tended all the same.

"Well?" queried Philippa, smiling. "And how do you like it? I'm waiting to hear the verdict!" And when Anthony stared in bewilderment, "My new coat!" she explained. "Weren't you looking at it? I hoped you were finding it very becoming!"

"I wasn't thinking of your coat. I didn't notice that you had a coat. I—I—I was thinking of something else. Phil!" Anthony replaced his cup on the table and leaned forward with eager face, "Phil, will you marry me?"

Philippa jumped as if she had been shot. Utter, overwhelming astonishment stared out of her eyes. Her lips gaped apart; she sat staring in a stupefaction too great for words.

"Will you marry me, Phil? I came over on purpose to ask you!"

The colour swept back to the girl's cheek, into her eyes came a flash of light, she strengthened her straight back, and inquired imperiously: "Why?"

It is a question that is not often asked under the circumstances; when it is, it is usually answered by passionate protestations, but Anthony was too obsessed by the one great thought to spare time for embroidery. Philippa demanded his reasons, and he gave them simply, without disguise.

"Phil, I am offered a house! Brewster's resigning. The Head sent for me to-day, and offered it to me. A house at twenty-eight! I expected to have to wait for years, but now it's come, and Brewster's house into the bargain! The one I craved for most of all. Congratulate me, Phil! I'm so rattling happy. It's the dream of my life come true."

The dark-rimmed eyes stared at him, keen

and straight. "And Dr. Ashe wished you to marry? He prefers to have married men as house masters?"

It was a statement, not a question, but Anthony was instantly conscious that something was amiss. He pulled himself together, and cried earnestly:

"So I came to you, Phil! I came at once. I was all at sea until I thought of you, and then—then I knew at once that it would be all right if you would have me. Will you have me, Phil?"

Philippa beat with her hands upon the tea-tray. It was a brass tray, and the noise it gave forth was surprisingly loud. She likewise stamped on the floor with her strong, brown shoes. Over the tumult her voice cried in sonorous wrath.

"Stop! This minute! Not another word! I'm—I'm *furiously* angry!"

She looked it. Meeting the flash of her eyes Anthony flinched with a sensation of physical hurt. For a moment he felt nothing but surprise, then an answering indignation made itself felt.

"Angry? Because I ask you to be my wife! It is generally supposed to be the greatest honour a man can pay!"

"And it is! When he wants a wife. You don't!" flamed Phil furiously. "You want a housekeeper for your house, a working partner to help you in your career. You have never wanted a wife. You would rather be without one now, but you are prepared to put up with one for the sake of your ambition. Let me tell you right away that she won't put up with *you*! No girl worth her salt would consent to be married as a convenience. Oh, *some* girls would be ready enough, no doubt, but they are not the sort you want! They would be a hindrance; not a help. How dare you come to me, Anthony Graeme, and insult me by such a proposal!"

"I—I'm sorry!" faltered Anthony humbly. His conscience admitted the justice of the accusation, and left him abashed and discomfited before the girl's attack. She had expected him to make love! Any girl would have expected it under the circumstances. And he had not even said that he loved her—blundering idiot that he had been! Poor, dear little Phil!

"I'm sorry," he repeated. "I've made a muddle of it, Phil, and begun at the wrong end of the tale. I was so full of that blessed old house. . . . Try to forgive me,

THE QUIVER

dear! You know I'm fond of you. . . . I've been fond of you for years. I'd be *good* to you, Phil!"

Quite suddenly Philippa's eyes* filled with tears. The passionate indignation melted away; she pressed her lips together and clasped her hands upon her lap. For a moment she trembled on the verge of a breakdown, then rallied herself and broke into a feeble laugh.

"You won't have the chance! I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth. Oh! I know you're fond of me. Of course you're fond of me! I've been the safety-valve into which you have poured your confidences for years back. I've listened for hours while you've prattled about your boys, and your schemes, and all that you were going to do when you had a house of your own; and I've been bored to death. Yes! I *have* been bored, for I wanted sometimes to talk of something else besides boys; but I've always listened, I've always sympathised. It would be shameful if you were *not* fond of me; but when I marry, the man I marry—"

The grey eyes widened. There shone in them a light which transfigured the whole face. Phil was beautiful at that moment, and Anthony realised it and felt a throb of envy for that unknown man.

"The man you marry? What about him, Phil?"

"He will *love* me!" cried Phil passionately. "With all his heart, with all his might—more than his very life! And I shall love *him*. I'll give my whole self into his care; nothing that he could ask could be too great. I'll go with him to the corners of the earth. I'll face any danger, any privation. I don't ask for riches or position. They mean nothing to me. It's the height of your ambition to be head of one of the great schools in England. I expect some day it will come true, and your wife will share in your success; but that's not the success I want. If I give myself to a man, I ask only one thing in return; but I must have plenty of it, the best of it, the real, whole-hearted thing. I'll marry no man who does not love me."

"But I do love you, Phil. Didn't I say I did?" Anthony's blood was fired by the girl's passionate declamation; and what was out of reach assumed a greater value in his eyes. He leant forward on his seat, extending a sunburnt hand across the table. His voice swelled to a deeper note. "I

think you are the dearest girl in the world. Don't you believe me, Phil?"

Quite simply Philippa put out her hand, and the soft, warm fingers closed firmly round Anthony's own. She smiled at him, her lips twitching in the old, humorous curve.

"Oh, Anthony, you are nothing if not honest. It's no use trying to pretend, for it's not in you to carry it off. You *are* 'fond of' me, as you said, but you don't know what love means. When you do, you won't go swooping down on a girl all aglow with self-confidence and pride, as you swooped on me to-day. Your heart will be pounding, Anthony—big, heavy throbs that sound right up in your ears, and you will begin to speak, and fall short of breath, and your whole body will be one sickening thud of suspense, and a voice will toll in your brain and say, '*If she says no! If she says no!*' and a black cloud will shut out the sun for you at the very possibility. *That's* how you'll feel when you ask the right girl!"

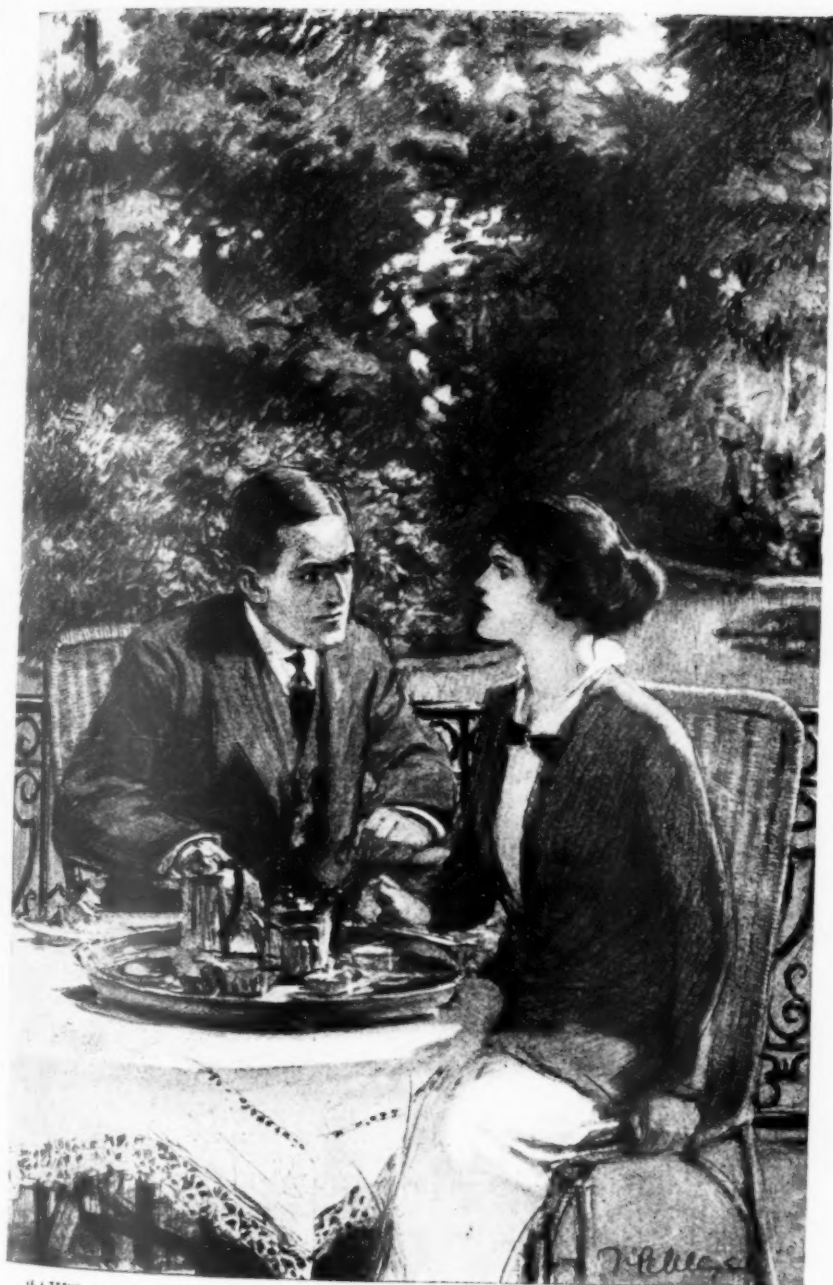
But Anthony's thoughts were not on himself. He was staring at Philippa with a new intentness. Awakening instinct told him that she spoke the truth. He felt a devouring curiosity to discover the source of her information.

"You *know*!" he stammered. "You know! There's another fellow. You never told me!"

"I'm a girl," Philippa declared loftily, as she dropped his hand. "I have imagination. I can feel. Men are so dense. Unless they have personal experience, it is impossible for them to enter into another person's feelings. There is *no* man; but there will be some day. I am keeping myself for him."

Anthony sank back in his chair. "So I am refused," he sighed. "You've turned me down, Phil. I never thought of this. You'll think me a conceited fool, but we'd been such good pals that I took it for granted that you would stand by me now. Perhaps you are right. Perhaps I am not what you call in love; but it would come. I swear it would come! I'd be so grateful—I could never forget that it was through your help that I'd gained my heart's desire."

Philippa grimaced at him and waved a protesting hand. "Won't do, Tony! Gratitude won't do. I want to be the heart's desire! . . . Did Dr. Ashe say positively



"Will you marry me, Phil? I came over on purpose to ask you"—p. 533.

Drawn by
H. Schlegel.

THE QUIVER

that you could not have the house unless you married?"

"Practically, yes! Before Christmas. Six months from now. He thought I was probably waiting to become engaged." Anthony straightened himself with a defiant air. "You'll despise me, Philippa, but I *mean* to marry! If you won't have me, someone else must. I'll go on trying till I succeed. It is my chance of success, and I won't let it slip. It doesn't come to all men to fall desperately in love. Many marry for other reasons, and get on uncommonly well. I'd be good to my wife. We should probably be happier in the long run than half the couples who fall in love at first sight. I'll risk it, anyhow. The summer holidays are coming on. They'll give me time to start on my search for a wife. . . ."

Philippa sat silent, staring into space, her face grave and dejected. The glowing beauty of a few minutes past had disappeared; now she was just an ordinary, pleasant-looking girl at whom no one would have looked twice. For several minutes neither spoke; then Philippa's eyes came back to Anthony's face; she bent forward and began to talk in brisk, practical tones.

"Very well—that's settled! Now let's talk about the sort of wife you had better choose. Since it's going to be a matter of common sense, let's consider it from a common-sense point of view. I can't *be* the girl, but I can help you to choose, and I may think of a dozen points which you would probably forget. If you have your notebook handy, you might jot down the headings. . . . To begin with: Age. Not too young, of course. Your own age, I should say. Perhaps even a year or two older."

"Twenty-four at the outside. Not a day more!" Anthony was not above having a sly dig at the girl of twenty-five who had so summarily rejected his addresses. "The younger the better, so long as she has a sensible head. She'd have more sympathy with the boys. Twenty-two to twenty-four, and a college girl for preference. Newnham or Girton. I can get on better with a girl who has had a man's education."

Philippa, who had "finished" at a fashionable seminary at Bournemouth, smiled a fine, superior smile, and cried ardently:

"Quite! No nonsense about them. That's what I admire about blue stockings—they are so free from silly feminine weaknesses. The house will be *her* bait. She'll put up

with you for the sake of her work, and she'll have her own ideas cut and dried; they all have. You'll have no bother at all. She'll run things on her own lines."

This was a counter thrust, and deliberately designed to be as disagreeable as possible, since, of all things, it was the ambition of Anthony to run his house on his own lines. Philippa preened herself with satisfaction at having given as much as she received, and proceeded to tick off another item.

"Age—Education. Now we come to looks. Any special requirements in the way of looks? My advice is, a nice, kind face."

"Personally," Anthony affirmed with an air of candour, "I am not keen on beauty; but, on second thoughts, it might be an asset with the boys. A very pretty creature would unquestionably yield a power. A blonde for choice; fair, sweet, persuasive; rule by love, not fear; that sort of thing, don't you know. Yes, I think, on the whole, I shall plump for beauty."

"Age, twenty-four. M.A., Girton. Fair, sweet, persuasive. They don't grow on *every* bush, but no doubt they are to be found," Phil said, sniffing. "You had better begin your search at once, for it may take some time. Money, I suppose, does not enter into your calculations? Or does it? A private income would ensure extra luxuries for the boys!"

Anthony looked at her beneath frowning brows.

"You are scoffing at me, Philippa," he said. "It isn't fair. I come to you in a big crisis of my life, and you first refuse me personal aid, and then jeer under the disguise of advice. It's not kind. I counted upon your friendship. It's not like you, Phil, to fail a fellow when he needs you most. Can't you drop ragging and discuss things seriously?"

Philippa shook her head.

"No, I can't, Tony. It's no use. I so utterly disapprove. I can't help you to your own undoing. You are the last man in the world to marry without love. You are a born autocrat; even if you loved a girl, it wouldn't be the easiest thing in the world to be your wife. You imagine that success in your work would make your happiness; but you don't realise the intimacy, the terrible, all-pervading intimacy of marriage, and how it colours the whole of life. You *couldn't* be happy tied to a woman for whom you had no love. You'd be fretted,

IN SEARCH OF A WIFE

chafed, jarred at every step. You are impatient and domineering, like all men who have got on too quickly. Things would go from bad to worse. You find it hard to work with uncongenial men for nine months of the year. Imagine what it must be to be tied for life to an uncongenial woman!"

Anthony sighed.

"But what shall I do?" he asked helplessly. "What would you do in my place? If I refuse the house now, it may be years before I get another chance. And it would be a crushing blow. You would think it poor-spirited of a man to give up his ambition without a fight, if the fight took any other shape. What's the disgrace in looking out for the right wife, if happiness can only be found that way?"

"None! None at all, if you make up your mind that you will only be satisfied with the right one. You have six months before you, and the girls of England are legion. Your right wife is waiting among the number. Will you make me a promise, Tony?"

Philippa lowered her head; the grey eyes gazed upward, darkly fringed, full of an earnest appeal. Anthony's promise came without hesitation.

"I will, Philippa."

"Then give yourself six months. See as many girls as you can, give yourself every chance; but don't hurry, don't decide. Don't let it be enough that she seems 'suitable and pleasant.' Don't let it be enough even that you are 'fond of her' and find her a good pal. It's a lifer, Anthony, and there are so many days even in one short year. Promise me that for six months you will search for the right girl, not binding yourself, but going on searching, even to the last day. You might meet her at the very last hour!"

Anthony stared back, hesitating, uncertain.

"And at the end of the six months? What then?"

"What you wish. I should say no more. You would have had six months to think over the position. If a man can't count the cost to himself in that time, it's useless for anyone else to endeavour to do it for him. But give yourself six months' grace."

Anthony rose from his seat and stood towering above her—six feet three of powerful young manhood. He laughed and shrugged his great shoulders.

"So be it, Philippa. I give you my word. No *mariage de convenance* for six months from now; no engagement, unless by good luck I tumble in love. But in return you must help me. You must introduce me to possible girls, and give me your advice when I ask for it, without sneering or putting me down as a monster of cold-blooded heartlessness!"

Philippa rose in her turn, and stood braced up to her full height, looking him steadily in the face.

"I will," she said clearly.

Her face broke as she spoke, and quivered between laughter and tears. She raised her right hand and waved it in the air. "Good luck to Anthony!" she cried aloud. "Anthony in search of a wife!"

As he wheeled his bicycle down the drive the words rang in Anthony's ears. In search of a wife! In search of a wife!

It seemed a strange thing that he was beginning such a quest by turning his back on the one girl in the world who made any appeal to his imagination. But Philippa had been tried, and had refused her aid. Anthony squared his great shoulders and told himself defiantly that the world was full of girls. Now that it pleased him to go forth as a hunter, it would go hard if he did not capture a worthy bride.



And from her place on the veranda Philippa Deering stood and watched him go.

[TO BE CONTINUED]



THE WOMAN WHO PAYS

A Thoughtful Study in National Sacrifice, and the Ultimate Penalty to be Paid for Women's War Work

By A. C. MARSHALL

It is estimated that the War has called into the general labour market not fewer than **two millions of women workers**, and that as successive "Derby groups" are called up there will be employment for a further quarter of a million women. It is splendid that women have been able to rise to the great emergency, but there is a side to the question but little considered in the stress of the moment—the **price the women pay**. Mr. A. C. Marshall has visited the chief centres of women's activity throughout the country, and below records his views on this great problem.

SO much has been written and said about the advantages of getting women to take the places of men workers who are fighting the Empire's battles at the various fronts, that it is only right and fair that thoughtful people should consider what is

the price that will have to be paid for women's war work.

The Cost

It is an accepted axiom in the big and little dramas of life that "the woman pays." In this devastating war, that has now raged for more than eighteen months, the gentler sex is actually tendering far more than its proportion to the cost, and the price that women as a sex are paying is not to be shown on any Roll of Honour or casualty list, though its effect will be stamped upon the world long after the last wound of the strife has healed, and the final discord died away.

Summed up briefly, the coming of the war and the wanton casting into the melting pot of domesticity, of the emotions of home life and of the so-called frailty of women, has brought us to a state when much of the good work of the past twenty years for the emancipation and betterment of women has been undone in as many months or less.

On the one hand, we cannot but admire the adaptability of the women who have come forward to "do their bit" in the fighting



Girls are replacing butcher boys, and driving cycle-carriers through busy streets.

Photo :
Illustrations Bureau.

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of the Empire's battles. They have risen to a great emergency. But at what price? Precisely what effect is all this activity and ceaseless effort going to have upon the women workers themselves, and, too, upon the next generation? Is there a danger that these women workers are jeopardising the wonderful bodies God gave them, and risking the ultimate purpose of those bodies? Are they unfitting themselves for home life, losing sense of perspective of true domestic happiness, and to a greater or lesser extent ruining themselves for wifehood and for motherhood? The question gives rise to painful reflection for all thoughtful people.

Women Dining-Car Attendants

In the course of a long journey recently the writer was waited upon in the dining-car of a train by a young woman of about twenty-two years of age. She was pale and distraught as though utterly worn out. Struggling through the narrow corridor from the gas-heated cooking galley to the dining-tables she was thrown from side to side by the oscillation of the vehicle, and only with difficulty maintained her balance. Later, at the conclusion of the meal, she confided that she had been doing the work for more than six months, but believed she would never attain to the "sea-legs" of a man sufficiently to save the buffeting in the passage-ways. The very motion, the thudding over points, crashing through tunnels, the noisy shrill of the whistle, the fumes of the gas stoves and the nauseating smell of cooking in cramped quarters—all these matters were playing upon her nerves to such an extent that she feared she must abandon the work.

And this girl for six days every week

travelled the double journey between London and a provincial city, a daily trip exceeding 350 miles spread over a period of eleven and a quarter hours from home to home, and a greater one when the train was running late, as often occurred. Beginning the day by serving a few scattered breakfasts in the car, she spent the remainder of the morning cleaning plate. Lunch was served first at noon and again about 1 p.m., whilst on the homeward run there were afternoon teas—a drawn-out service dependent upon the whim of passengers—and later a full course dinner, the paraphernalia of which had to be cleared and packed away before the train glided into the terminus.

Would it not be better national economy of assets and resources to forgo the railway restaurant car altogether in war-time rather than endanger the very womanhood of the little army corps of waitresses who have come forward to occupy gaps in the ranks of the calling? But, granted that this may be an exceptional instance, let us consider the woman

munition worker, the largest class of all war toilers of the gentler sex, estimated by some authorities to number three-quarters of a million of the two millions of women who have been drawn into

the vortex of the labour market solely through the strife.

Only a few weeks ago I stood outside a Birmingham war works and witnessed the exodus of the workers as the buzzer blared one o'clock. They formed a dense procession that bulged its way through a large gateway, and from the time the first person emerged until the last precisely eleven minutes elapsed.

How many people can pass a given point in eleven minutes I do not profess to know, but of those I saw more than half were girls and women. Some had bicycles and many used trams, but the bulk of them rushed



Women railway porters do men's work, heavy and light.

Photo: Illustrations Bureau.

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Women Billposters
at Work.

Photo:
Illustrations Bureau.

pell-mell into little cook-shops, public-houses, general food stores, and even into private villas that the exigencies of the times had converted into temporary restaurants, whilst there were roadside stalls innumerable.

Makeshift Food

The less said about the fare obtained the better, for it consisted mainly of "faggots" and peas, greasy fried fish and coarse chip potatoes, meat and fruit pies, sausages and such stop-gap, makeshift dishes—poor provender scientifically for many hundred girls whose bodies were at that stage of development that marks the dawn of

womanhood, and when, assuming that in time they were destined to be happy wives and healthy mothers, their dietary should have embraced a greater proportion of the nitrogenous foods, something to provide vegetable salts and a liberal supply of homely items for the building of stamina and constitution, far more than the mere filling of an empty space.

But we have become inured by necessity to all the abuses of factory life for the girl on the threshold of womanhood. Let us pass on to the women, of whom there were as many again as girls. Most of them were married, and it is reasonable to assume that a large proportion had their men-folk with the Colours. In all probability the majority were mothers and not a few mothers in prospect. They had all forsaken the ties of home to make weapons of destruction, and the bulk of them partook of similar food to that obtained by the girls.

I talked with several of the women, and formed the opinion that most of them had breakfasted from cups of tea and bread and butter. Their evening meal consisted invariably of some bought dish, and the number of so-called ham and beef shops that have sprung up in every great munition centre is testimony to the severance of all domestic ties with this great class of woman worker; whilst, so far as the Sabbath is concerned, the commissariat of home is also furnished on this ready-made plan, for the housewife is too tired and exhausted for the cooking of those baked meats that yield

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so much of the albuminous and nitrogenous foods needed not only to repair waste, but also to build up. Nor is there time for the hygiene of the home or of the person, and public worship is in most instances neglected.

The Extinction of Home Life

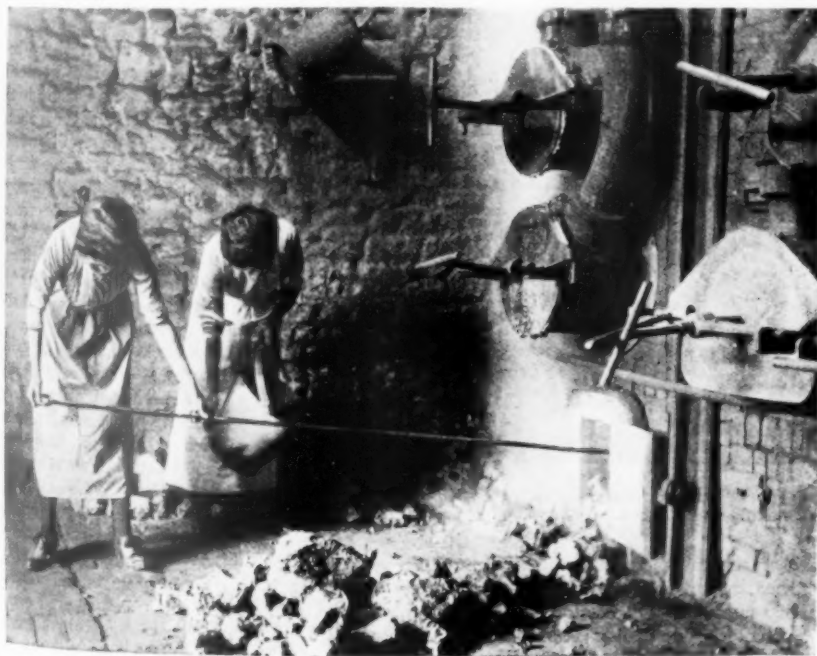
Now, is it not the woman who pays? A man throws up his work and shoulders a rifle bravely, but even in the trenches there is a hot dinner and a liberal breakfast every day, except for those comparatively few fighters in inaccessible places. Moreover, it is a fundamental fact that just as many homes constitute a nation, so the main object of men's work is to provide and maintain a home to be managed by the womenfolk. You may take away the men and still have a home, but with the women absent the home no longer exists as a home; in the great munition centres home life is almost as extinct as the dodo, for even the grandmothers, the maiden aunts and the widows

are finding the call to work too insistent to be disregarded.

As for the actual work performed by women in munition factories, it is a curious fact that in all those photographs in the pictorial newspapers which give us an insight into the conditions the workers are shown in a standing position. There is the woman at the lathe finishing off the roughnesses in the cast shell-case, the woman soldering fuse sockets, the woman stamping out cartridge cases and filling them, and so on. Some of the work is undoubtedly strenuous, but the majority of it is light enough, burdensome only in its monotony. The whole point is the constant standing, and the gentle sex is not built physically to bear long, tedious hours in an erect position.

Waived Restrictions

It is not many years ago that legislation was introduced to provide seats for girl assistants in shops, and this physical reason was one of the strongest brought forward to



Women Gasworkers in a
West of England Gasworks.

Photo:
Illustrations Bureau.

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prove necessity. Quite apart from the delicate organs of womanhood, lengthy standing brings in its train a woman venous trouble and other physical difficulties, yet of the two million additional woman workers the war has mobilised it is probable that half of them stand at their work—in most cases for ten hours a day; in others for twelve hours a day; and in a few instances through the long night hours, for the Home Office restrictions are waived in these times, and the writer knows of girls who toil from the early evening until six or seven in the morning.

In a northern city I rode on a tramcar the conductress of which was a married

terminus that woman had to collect fares on the open top deck. She must have been soaked to the skin, and her pretty hair hung dank and matted round her head. She wore mittens, but those parts of her hands that through her work had to be exposed were blue with the wet and cold.

With comparatively few exceptions, women tram conductors are universal throughout the country, and in some parts they are engaged upon omnibuses. A few of them belong to that rare class of woman that can brave any weather, but the bulk have been taken from quiet home existence, behind which they have sheltered from the elements all their lives. Is not their present work likely to leave an effect upon them for many years? With such women rough, outdoor work in all weathers is an outrage upon Nature, and Nature demands a settlement of her account with everyone, even from one generation to the next.

Women Gasworkers

Scores of women have become drivers of commercial motor lorries, and many have been obliged under medical orders to abandon the work. In one northern town a corps of women window cleaners was founded, but the work proved too much for their constitutions in the bitter winter blast. In the West of England a gasworks, including the retorts and furnaces, are women managed. On every hand there is evidence of spirit and of grim determination, but there are also stories of failure, and some of these failures have brought impaired health and suffering.

For more than a year and a half this war has been fiercely

waged, yet it is only recently that serious efforts have been made to shield and protect the woman worker in any way. And even now the official Welfare Supervisors have not been able fully to grapple with the well-nigh Herculean task, so widespread is the canvas upon which they must work.



Woman Bus Conductor
Starting the Engine.

Photo:
Illustrations Bureau.

woman, as the plain ring on her left hand showed. The gilt badge of the Royal Artillery suggested that her husband was away fighting, and one could not help but admire her spirit. But the day was bitterly cold, with a driving, penetrating rain. A dozen times in the fifty minutes' run from centre to

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One of the troubles has to do with the lodgings of the women workers, for the requirements of the factory must inevitably be of greater import than the comfort of the workers, and there have been terrible abuses, extortions and even worse factors in the housing of women in some of the centres. The lack of or deficiency in sanitation and hygiene in the factories themselves has also been the fruitful cause of discomfort and illness to girl factory workers, and even now canteens are badly wanted at an untold number of work-places.

It is matters such as these that the stay-at-home person of the middle classes fails to realise when reviewing the sacrifices women war workers have been called upon to face. And beyond these there come questions of foremen overlooking the work of girls, and in some instances possessing the power to domineer over and in other ways be objectionable to them; of the power of the individual girl to stand night work, overtime and long hours generally; of the tendency of some girls and women to brow-beat and torment girls of weaker personality, and similar problems brought about by this swift revolution in labour conditions and reversal of the old order.

And from whatever aspect one views the excessive employment of girls and women in factories, on farms, in industrial enterprises, and so on, the one fact always asserts itself, that the workers are rendering more than the mere service that earns their daily pay. Personally, as one who has spoken to war workers in every big centre, I must set aside finally the Utopian parrot cry that it is patriotism that calls women to the work. In the cases into which I have made direct inquiries the money has been the magnet and guiding principle. The fact that the cost of living has been raised by 35 per cent. at least has had its own influence, and the opportunity of balancing shortage by working at enhanced wages has been eagerly

seized—often at a personal and future cost that is impossible to estimate.

The upper and middle class ladies who have come forward so splendidly and joined the various Voluntary Aid Detachments for hospital work and for other voluntary tasks slave very hard, and their motives are those of true and real patriotism. At the same time it should be remembered that in all



Women Munition Worker at Coventry.

Photo: Illustrations Bureau.

circumstances they are well fed and well housed: practically speaking, their home life goes on unchecked; they are never out of touch with domestic matters.

The operative, the paid woman worker, the democratic little person who emerges from a row of tiny cottages in the dark of the morning has none of these fine motives. She goes to paid work with all its demands and exactions, and the labour has none of the charm and interest of that performed

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A Brigade of Girl Window Cleaners.

Photo :
Illustrations Bureau.

and in only too many cases in shortened days.

Then, again, how many women must be denied the babies they wish to bear through the loss of young husbands? Is not this a heavy penalty for the sex to pay for war, and in a country whose birth-rate is one of the lowest in the world? In Germany they have reduced the legal marriageable age for girls to fifteen years, and there is reason to believe that the widows of the war are actually officially encouraged to re-marry; but such cold-blooded, sinister methods of renewing a depleted if not decimated male population are not to be considered in Great Britain, where women

by the voluntary worker, and treble the wearing monotony.

It must be sorrowfully admitted that we have been wasting our womanly substance. True, the necessity has demanded it. At heart we must all condemn the killing of men by violence in battle, yet not one of us would wish it otherwise in the skein of terrible threads that have been drawn round us. The point, rather, is that the women of this country have actually made far greater sacrifices over the war than any of us realise.

In the words of Charles Kingsley, "Men must work and women must weep," and when considering women's contribution to the cost of war we must cast into the balance in their favour the tears of bitter anguish that have been shed for husbands, sons and sweethearts. Though the broken heart may physically be a misnomer and metaphor, there are literally thousands of women's broken hearts to-day, and this in itself is a payment from womenkind, a payment made in ill-health, in shattered nerves,

cherish the memory of a fallen husband.

Looking Ahead

And, to look ahead, the cost of war to women will be a longer debt than that accruing to the masculine population. The total abandonment of home by literally thousands, if not tens of thousands, of women; the complete severance of domestic culture; the buying of partly or ready cooked food, which entails the denial of the more wholesome and nutritious home-prepared provender; the grief and sorrow at the loss of loved ones; the absence of desire and opportunity for little ones that must inevitably follow the breaking of home ties; impaired health through overwork and worry; premature age through working in unhealthy surroundings with too much standing and too little fresh air; the fact that females will be out of proportion to males for many years—these are some of the items to be entered as woman's price for war, and a little analysis will show

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effects that will linger so long as life itself lasts.

No Time for Church

But, and this is not the least painful thought, all this war work, unceasing in its calls for time and energy, has taken much from the spiritual side of life. What chance has a woman worker who has made overtime for six days to spare the odd hour for public worship on the seventh? In many centres Sunday labour differs but little from that of Monday, except in point of wages paid, and everywhere the Sabbath, instead of being a Day of Rest in its full sense, has become a Day of Forced Rejuvenation.

Parliamentarians, economists, public men and women of every type are ready to extol the bravery and courage of the woman war worker who has forsaken home and all it holds dear to play a man's part in this titanic struggle, and every atom of praise and commendation is merited. Nationally, eugenically and socially it has been the wonder of the war, and in apportioning the credit and eulogies when the end does come, the war's cost to women will be found to be as great as the price paid by man.

There will be but few medals, no Rolls of Honour (save those for Service Nurses that the War Office issues), no fêting and glorifying. But the little woman who has put

her one wee babe in a municipal crèche and gone a-war working for a dozen hours a day, standing nearly all the time, has fought a hard fight, made an heroic sacrifice, and given something for which mere money will not pay. She may not have done it from any of the finer and more imaginative motives of patriotism, but she has been a heroine all the same.

Save the Women

And just so long as the war lasts and the woman worker reigns supreme in the factories at home, every imaginable organised effort must be made to save those comparatively frail bodies that in the ordinary course are destined to bear the next generation. The Young Women's Christian Association has done an enormous amount in the provision of huts, canteens and comforts generally in many of the centres, but funds and helpers are needed the more thoroughly to prosecute the work. Under the Board of Education and other Government offices efforts are being made to alleviate the conditions under which women work, and in some districts hostels are being provided, whilst, where possible, educated women are being engaged as overlookers and work-takers instead of men, and this leavening of the classes with a sprinkling of cultured workers has produced the most striking results.



The Woman at the Plough.

Photo: Alfieri.

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Nor must we forget that with so many women earning large wages the drink evil will have to be fought still more sternly. In some London police courts the percentage of drunken women is as 9 to 19 of the charges, and it is not going too far to state that the bulk of the restrictions on the sale of drink and the shortening of the licensing hours have been brought about mainly to protect women from themselves. The measures in general are not designed to be preventive so much as protective, and there can be no doubt but what a certain class of woman can only find an outlet for unaccustomed money in the gin palace. There is room for constructive, helpful endeavour in this particular direction; I personally have seen more drunkenness in some of the provincial munition centres among women than one could have found in London's East End in its most flagrant times.

Women and Drink

Even now, I have in mind a strange, contrasting picture that presented itself to me in Leeds. In one of the outlying districts I saw two war workers being dragged along by four policemen. They were young women earning, so I was told, six shillings a day on an average, and they were as wickedly intoxicated as any women it has ever been my misfortune to see.

Barely a hundred yards away, in a row of

small dwellings not far from the University, a lady Welfare worker showed me a neat little woman cleaning her windows. This woman was the wife of a soldier and had three children. The man was a reservist, and shortly before the war through sheer misfortune and bad times the couple had been forced to sell up practically their entire home. At the general mobilisation the man went back to his regiment, and the wife, in addition to her separation allowance, began to earn. Then by dint of wise economy and judicious spending she managed, a trifle at a time, first to get out of debt, and then to piece together another home; and at Christmas, when the soldier was at Leeds on leave, it is easy to imagine his delight at the curious turn of events when the well-kept secret was disclosed to him.

It is this very contrast that proves what really can be done, and whilst this growing class of war worker is still with us let us consider precisely how the system is going to affect our future when neglected homes have to be renewed, the strands of domestic ties that have been so ruthlessly severed knotted together once more, and when the nation's empty cradles have to be filled. There is real work here for organised effort to restore women to their old status, lest the price the woman pays shall be too heavy for her to bear.



"HE IS NOT HERE!"

By ALFRED B. COOPER

"HE is not here!" the angel said,
"But risen: wherefore then
Seek ye the living with the dead?"
And, though the Lord of Life had bled,
Thereby to dying men
Proclaimed this earthly life the Seed
Of Life Eternal—"life indeed!"

"He is not here!" O blessed word!
On mornings such as this
We hear it in the song of bird,
The lisp of leaves by breezes stirred,
And feel it in the kiss
Of yon warm sun, where erst the night
Hid all earth's beauty from our sight.

"He is not here!" Look up on high!
Across the wind-swept blue
The sunlit cloudlets of the sky,
Like bright-wing'd angels, swiftly fly
To bring the news to you,
And every blade upspringing saith:
"Where now thy victory, O Death?"

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A Strange Story

By BRENDA ELIZABETH SPENDER

STRANGE are the martyrs of love and stranger still the manner of their sufferings. Not perhaps more strange than homely was the martyrdom of Mary Trewale, its scene the little drawing-room of a semi-detached villa standing in a sunny suburban road, its instrument a grand piano. It was in this manner that it came about.

At the corner of the Broadway where Lowfield Road runs into it, Mrs. Trewale encountered one mild evening just by the big fishmonger's shop—in fact, emerging from it with a brown paper bag in one fat hand—her old friend Miss Rawse, the music teacher. The widow's thin face flushed absurdly pink, much as it might have nearly thirty years ago at a chance encounter with a certain handsome John Trewale, who had been in his grave in Highgate Cemetery so many years that she had even ceased to wear deep mourning for his dissipated memory.

Miss Rawse was not observant, she did not realise the flush, but she did appreciate that Mrs. Trewale was in a flutter, and made inquiry as to what was wrong.

"There's nothing actually wrong, as you might say. It's only—in a way, you know, when cleverness comes out in a person all by themselves, it's a terrible thing!"

Miss Rawse returned the elder lady's glance with just the faintest possible expression of impatience upon her plump features. It was one of her peculiarities that her expression always seemed to be faint, as though her emotions lost force from having to make their way through the unflinching self-complacency of her usual air.

"I don't follow you, Mrs. Trewale," she said. "If it's Ethel you're referring to, well, I must say most mothers would be proud of a girl who's done what she has,

and, as you might say, no help given from home."

Mary Trewale's thin face under its little flowered bonnet with the stick-up bow like a single donkey's ear, recovered its vanishing flush.

"I did all I could, Miss Rawse, and she knows it."

"You haven't taken my meaning, Mrs. Trewale. You've been a good mother to that girl, and who ought to know if not me, and you bringing her to me for her first music lessons the very day your second gentleman boarder came in! What I meant was there's no one in the family musical but Ethel. You're not yourself."

"That's exactly what I was saying! Ethel isn't like me and she isn't like her cousins. She's all by herself, so clever and so much the lady."

"Puts her clothes on different, too," said Miss Rawse, peeping into her brown bag to make sure the fishmonger had fulfilled her order correctly.

"Maybe it's from her poor father, but she was so little when he was taken I don't see how she could get very much from him." Mrs. Trewale was silent for a moment, musing upon the dark mysteries of heredity, and, apparently unhelped by her reflections, reverted to her former statement.

"When anyone's as clever as Ethel in just an ordinary family—in a kind of way—it's a terrible thing. Look at my sister's girls over at Tooting, as ordinary as ordinary, marrying nice ordinary young fellows, clerks and so on, and settling down where she can go and see them for a twopenny tram fare, and there's my Ethel gone half over the world playing the piano for Madame Sylkieg and getting married over there in Australia and all!"

Miss Rawse administered words of comfort.

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"But she's coming back to see you and fetch you to go and live with her now, directly she's married, and her new husband coming too, and him an Honourable! Why, it's like a book! I'm sure it's like a book to me, and I having given her her first piano lessons, and him being an Honourable and all!"

"That's it. If only he was just an ordinary young man, I wouldn't feel so worried."

"But you wouldn't like Ethel to marry an ordinary young man, and she the girl she is?"

"No, I suppose I wouldn't." The mother spoke doubtfully. "Anyhow, he isn't a born Honourable, it's because he's a sort of Member of Parliament, only bigger, Ethel says, but that's bad enough."

"Bad enough! I really haven't the patience to listen to you, Mrs. Trewale!"

Since the very distant day when Miss Rawse had made planning and contriving and sewing late and early to pay for the daughter's lessons glorious with the prediction that Ethel would some day "astonish people," the music teacher had held a very special place in Mary Trewale's regard. The merely trifling fact that subsequent teachers had been obliged to waste some valuable time in eradicating the results of some of her most cherished methods of tuition had had no effect upon Mrs. Trewale's estimation of her friend. Miss Rawse had first given her a glimpse of the golden hope that had beautified a dozen struggling years and made another five wonderful by its fruition, and Miss Rawse had joined in her joy in Ethel's triumphs whole-heartedly and with no trace of the jealousy sometimes observable in her ordinary relations at Tooting. Yet they were "Mrs. Trewale" and "Miss Rawse" to each other still in spite of nearly twenty years of friendship. She keenly desired to tell this other woman the thought that troubled her, but found it difficult. She opened the little black leather bag she always carried in the street and wiped her eyes, which somehow had grown a little dim.

"Ethel is a lady, education and all, and she's my own girl too. She'd never go and say to her Honourable, 'Mind you, my mother didn't have much schooling; she can't speak French, nor paint, nor play the piano, nor do her hair wonderful like I do mine,' it would never cross her mind.

She'll bring him here all unsuspecting, and if I can let the girl answer the door for them I will, for the look of the thing, but I'll be bound to meet them in the hall, and in a minute the Honourable will see just what an ordinary sort of old woman I am, and it won't be nice for Ethel."

"What won't be nice for Ethel?"

"Why, you know. She ought to have a mother like the old vicar's wife was, a grand sort of mother, not like me at all."

Miss Rawse looked at her with good-natured, stupid eyes and nodded, assimilating the remark. Certainly Mrs. Trewale's hair was not done wonderfully, it was thin and parted flatly and worn in a very small coil at the back of her neck. You felt that she was a real old lady of the sort that is growing rare, and as soon as you saw her little bonnet and the black mantle of silk or velvet which she wore according to the season, suspected her with justice of convenient elastic-sided boots.

"I do see what you mean, Mrs. Trewale—you look as though you'd had to work for your living, and not easy work either. Of course you'll be having a new dress and so on. Couldn't you have it made a bit more up-to-date?"

"I am doing that, but after all what you put on outside doesn't help you much. If I could just seem like I'd had some education! Oh, Miss Rawse"—her thin hands in their shiny black kid gloves were locked together now in an attitude that was almost prayerful. "I was coming to see you to-night because I wished to ask you something most particular. There's a month before Ethel and her Honourable get here; couldn't you possibly teach me to play just one or two things on the piano?"

As much surprise as an earthquake could have caused her slowly appeared, as though coming to the surface from a great depth, upon Miss Rawse's plump face.

"Teach you to play the piano at your time of life, Mrs. Trewale? I never did!"

"I know, Miss Rawse, it does sound like I'd gone off my head; but there you are. If I could play just a tune or two on the piano, he'd have a better opinion of me altogether. It's for Ethel's sake, so she shan't seem so much one by herself. I wouldn't like her to be ashamed of her mother."

It did not cross Miss Rawse's mind to question the height of the standard of general

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education proved by an ability to play two or three tunes on the piano.

"I never had a pupil over thirty," she objected, "except one young fellow as was consumptive and had to be amused. In a month? It would mean learning it off like a parrot. Besides, who ever did hear of such a thing?"

"Nobody ever did," the widow agreed meekly. "But then nobody else ever had an Ethel like mine going and marrying an Honourable."

It was a conclusive argument, also it was not within the scope of Miss Rawse's abilities to refuse any request the granting of which would not involve any discomfort to herself. Also, in a world where music pupils are hard to find, if your qualifications are not superlative, the opportunity of getting a new pupil was not to be despised. Miss Rawse was industrious as well as honest; having warned her friend of the futility of hoping for any good result from the lessons, she

threw herself heart and soul into the task of proving herself a false prophet. This was the beginning of Mary Trewale's martyrdom.

In the month that followed, it seemed to Mrs. Trewale that her world consisted of only two things—"trying on" and piano playing—with a third, the arrival of Ethel and her Honourable steadily drawing nearer. To her dressmaker she had confided the awfulness of the occasion, and that lady, finding that her customer, in her anxiety to appear the sort of mother-in-law

an Honourable might reasonably expect, could be persuaded to abandon the prejudices of a life-time, denied her a pocket and a train and insisted upon a collar, to her customer's mind ridiculous, at the back and scandalous in front until, almost upon her knees, she obtained the boon of "a net vest." Mrs. Trewale confided once to Miss Rawse in a well-earned pause during a music lesson that in her young

days a dress had been a dress and that was the end of it; now it meant the right sort of shoes, too, and your mantles looked all wrong and you couldn't wear it with your hair as it was.

"I suppose you can't," Miss Rawse agreed, creaking solidly in her bright, tight-fitting garments. "You nearly always have dressed like twenty years ago and more, and, of course, it's no good being done up in bits. It would be like repainting the front door and leaving the door-posts the old colour. Now why don't you go to a hairdresser and be put into the fashion?"

"What, have my hair took down by a man! Miss Rawse, I don't think I could even if the Honourable was to feel he didn't want me to go and live with him and Ethel after all on account of it."

"I know a lady hairdresser though, quite a nice, homely, little party."

It ended in the services of the "homely little party" being requisitioned in order to acclimatise Mrs. Trewale's hair to the beauties of her new gown, and the smartness which threatened to result from all these



"'Couldn't you possibly teach me to play just one or two things on the piano?'"

Drawn
by
G. E. Brock

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endeavours became so overwhelming that the necessity of fitting her mental attributes in some sort to her outward appearance grew more and more acute.

Ethel's grand piano, which half-filled the little drawing-room at number seven Woodlands Road, found itself in use to an extent that had not been equalled in this last five years, for learning "to play just one or two

pathos of her effort, shared unwillingly in her martyrdom and grew irritable listening to the halting notes intended to represent Handel's "Largo," and seeming more like the impromptu of some unusually depraved piano-tuner.

Sometimes she thought that she remembered what she called "a verse of it," only to find at her next lesson that her newly acquired knowledge had deserted her or had been formed upon an entirely false impression as to what Handel's ideas on the matter had really been. But little and tired and elderly as she was, Mary Trewale was an Englishwoman of the type that does not know how to give up, and there are hundreds of them, scattered up and down the country, clinging grimly to some almost untenable life of hard work or callous treatment which it has never even crossed their minds that they can desert. The temperament which had brought her through struggling and lonely years still cheerful and sweet did not allow her to think of abandoning her resolution now. Her head might ache and her mind be in a whirl, so that the pieces of stamp-paper with figures pencilled on them, which Miss Rawse at last, in a moment of inspiration, had stuck to the piano-keys, danced before her eyes when she was awake and pursued her in uneasy dreams when she slept, but the little grey woman did not falter in her efforts, and somehow before the fateful day when the Honourable and his new wife were to be expected, those



"The little grey woman did not falter in her efforts."

Drawn by
C. E. Brock.

things" on it required numberless hours of practice and proved to be a matter of far greater difficulty than Mrs. Trewale had ever suspected. When printed music means nothing to you and your ear is unresponsive and your hands are stiff, the effort of remembering a sequence of notes upon the keyboard and striking them with a proper appreciation of their order and length becomes rather more like mathematics than music. Never even in the days when her needlework had paid for Ethel's lessons had little Mrs. Trewale risen so early and gone to bed so late, and the neighbours, who knew nothing of the

stiff fingers of hers had learned to stumble through one piece and a few bars of another without the aid of stamp-paper or Miss Rawse's fat guiding hand.

The liner upon which the Honourable and his wife were travelling was to come in at Tilbury, but Mrs. Trewale did not offer to meet them there—that would have meant abandoning some of her preparations for their welcome to her little maidservant, and it was not to be expected that she should prove equal to the demands of such an occasion. The boat was due in early in the morning; at any time after ten o'clock the

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passengers might appear in Woodlands Road. As a matter of fact, they did not flash up to the gate in a singularly sudden and unprecedented taxi-cab until late in the afternoon.

The little grey woman, worn by long waiting, and, be it admitted, half-faint with hunger, since she had scarcely dared to eat a midday meal for fear of being absent from her post in the drawing-room, jumped at the noise of the taxi and the opening of the front gate, got up and, since she had not seen her only child for a whole, long year, ran towards the drawing-room door, and then, remembering the Honourable, stopped herself. She stood trembling with impatience at the slowness of her little maid's progress along the tiled hall, and yet glad of the moment's respite in which, for the twentieth time since the morning, to look at her strange new hair-dressing in the round mirror over the mantelpiece and make sure that her appearance was somewhat that of the fashion-plate upon which her dressmaker had modelled her.

She was turning round from the glass when the door was thrown open—it must be admitted that Ethel in her haste quite prevented the little maid from carrying out a well-matured intention of announcing "The Honourable and Mrs. John MacFarnham" in quite the best style—and her daughter, tall and gracious and bright with love and happiness, came rushing in to throw herself into her arms.

"My deary, deary little girl!" said her mother, and Ethel, with tears in her deep-set, sweet, grey eyes, answered inconsequently enough:

"Oh, Mothery dearest, it is good to see you again, and I know you will love him just as much as I do."

"Him," of course, was the Honourable, who, like the gentleman he was, was engaged in helping the cab-driver carry in the trunks, and if that excuse had not been available, would certainly have found another in order to let his bride and her mother have the first moments of their re-union quite by themselves. Ethel, like some bright-winged bird ready to dart upon its flight at the lightest whisper, ran out to bring him in, clinging to his arm.

"Mothery, this is John."

Mrs. Trewale looked up to see a very tall man, so tall that even Ethel looked little

beside him, massive-shouldered, with a brown, lined face and blue eyes, watching her half-humorously from under shaggy brows. Nobody ever met John MacFarnham without being conscious that he was large in every way, and here in this little artless suburban drawing-room with its crowd of petty ornaments, all dear to their owner for some reason not necessarily æsthetic, he seemed even larger than usual. With an effort, Mrs. Trewale held out a cold hand in greeting, resisting a sudden impulse to drop him a curtsy by remembering that he wasn't a born Honourable, only a made one.

"I have so looked forward to seeing Ethel's mother," he said, but a little of the light had faded from his face at his mother-in-law's frigidity, and Ethel, who had expected son-ship to be conferred upon him on the spot, looked on in bewilderment.

"I am very pleased to make your acquaintance." The widow remembered a phrase which had been jostling "Largo" in her brain for the last fortnight, and what little spontaneity was still left to their meeting faded at her tone.

To Ethel MacFarnham it seemed, with a sinking of the heart, that, for the first time in her life, a return home had fallen flat, that her trust in her mother's sweet, old-fashioned kindness and truth had been misplaced. She fancied that the inner change in her mother matched the outer, and looking at her dress, a blue one—dark, it is true, but she could not remember her mother in anything but black—with its puffings and pleatings and trimmings here and there redolent of the unbridled imagination of a second-rate suburban dressmaker, at her soft, grey hair dragged into a fashionable shape and supplemented with a switch that was not too well matched, found the tears standing in her eyes again, and now they were not tears of happiness, and her hand upon her husband's arm began to cling a little desperately. She had come home to a stranger, and in a toppling world John alone was left to her. This was not the home-coming she had dreamed of through all her journeyings, of which she had drawn a word picture for John with such tender pride. Then she saw that the thin face under the fashionable hair was thinner than ever, very pale and drawn, and with new lines of weariness about the lips and eyes, and she put her other arm about her mother's silken waist.

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"Mothery, are you sure you're quite well? You don't look very fit, dearest!"

Mrs. Trewale could not very well confess that a month at the grand piano had worn her out. She smiled uneasily.

"Don't I, dear? Perhaps this dress doesn't suit me. I'm sure Miss Felkine took trouble enough about fitting it." She caught the Honourable's eye directed upon her face and tried valiantly to give a grander tone to the conversation. "Not, of course, that she isn't well paid for it, and ought to give satisfaction at the money."

The last sentence jarred, for its vulgarity was so utterly unlike her memory of her mother's meek sweetness, but Ethel forced herself to answer, wondering inwardly that within five minutes of her return from a year of absence they should be talking clothes.

"It suits you beautifully — only it's different," she said.

Tea was served in the drawing-room, a practice which Mrs. Trewale had never much admired but understood to be smart, and Ethel, watching her big husband trying to accommodate himself to the requirements of the situation, had hard work to refrain from hysterical laughter, remembering how she had told him that the ritual of her return home, from the days when she had been a girl at a foreign conservatoire, had demanded that while she burnt her cheeks scarlet at the kitchen grate making toast, her mother should be busy frying beautiful golden brown fillets of fish for a "high tea."

After tea, conversation grew desultory and uncomfortable. Neither John nor Ethel liked to ask permission for him to smoke in the drawing-room, and no one was at ease. John was struggling with a feeling that he should be obliged presently to say something natural and inevitably bring the whole artificial household tumbling about his ears. Ethel was disappointed, sore and disillusioned of her dreams of home and mother, and wondering whether or no the fault lay in herself. Mrs. Trewale was on tenterhooks with anxiety and nervousness, longing for the opportunity to show off her new accomplishment, and at the same time dreading that it would come. What talk there was turned upon events in Ethel's Australian tour, and John, holding his wife's hand as they sat side by side upon the sofa, turned to her mother.

"Of course, I'm in love with Ethel's

music, Mrs. Trewale. I want you to come out with us and do her housekeeping for her, so that she shan't have to neglect her piano because she was good enough to marry me; but, you know, I'm a real Colonial, and I'm eternally grateful to you for bringing her up a practical housewife, too—it isn't every girl can do both."

"I—I suppose not," said his mother-in-law, trembling in every limb now that the moment had come. "Of course, Ethel's one of these geniuses, and I'm only ordinary, or very nearly ordinary, but I'm musical myself."

Ethel stared, even John MacFarnham's eyebrows shot up.

"I—I didn't know," he stammered, feeling that his tact had been unnecessary, and with a wonder that Ethel could have described the little mother she loved, so strangely, growing in his heart. "Do you play the piano, too?"

"Just a little. Ethel hasn't heard me. We have had plenty of music without me playing since Ethel was quite a little girl."

To Ethel MacFarnham the whole conversation wore the semblance of a ridiculous dream. She had known all her life that her mother's attempts at musical expression were confined to the singing of familiar hymns in church. A horrible dread that the little haggard-faced, bright-eyed woman who wore her mother's features with such unfamiliar clothes and hair and sat alert upon the very edge of her chair eagerly waiting to be asked to play, was really insane, swept over her. John's voice making the inevitable request that Mrs. Trewale would play something came striking through her thoughts, and then her mother was crossing the room and seating herself awkwardly at the piano, and her daughter knew as plainly as though she had been told that she was mortally afraid.

As for Mary Trewale herself, her heart was beating so hard that it made her hands tremble and she wanted to wait a moment and get back her breath, only she was afraid that the Honourable would suspect from that that she had forgotten how to play after all. Where did the tune begin, the one that she knew all through? She looked down at the keys and her heart leaped painfully at the fresh realisation that there were no friendly figures on stamp paper to guide her now. She struck a

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muddled chord with fumbling fingers and played two halting notes, then started over again, played two or three bars, and knowing that she had forgotten how to go on, attempted the other tune and came to a dead stop.

"Can't I get the music for you?" asked John MacFarnham in the uncomfortable silence that ensued. "One can't always carry these things in one's head."

"It doesn't matter." Her lips were so dry that she could hardly speak, but she tried again to find the chord, and Ethel, strung to the highest pitch of nervousness, almost screamed at the result.

Mrs. Trewale sat silent. So this was the end of her month of martyrdom! Her effort to prove herself the sort of mother Ethel ought to have had had ended in failure, utter and humiliating. The Honourable would know that she was ordinary, and, what was worse, a cheat. She began to cry with her face between her hands, her grey head down upon the keys.

Ethel sprang up and bent over her with

endearing words and tender, caressing hands, but though the little woman's shoulders shook with the violence of her tears, no words came, and it was at that juncture that the maid ushered in Miss Rawse.

The music teacher stood in the doorway clad in her Sunday best for the honour of her famous pupil and her Honourable husband, and gradually the smile of greeting faded from her stupid, kindly face and left blank amazement. Ethel looked up at her almost wildly, and, unnecessarily enough, asked her what was the matter with her mother.

"Has she been trying to play?" Miss Rawse asked, coming nearer.

"Yes, she said she would play to us—this is John—Miss Rawse, my first teacher and my kindest friend, John, dear—and then she began to cry, and she won't speak to us."

"I am afraid Mrs. Trewale is unwell." John bowed over Miss Rawse's fat hand, and the music teacher slowly shook her head.



"Oh, Mother, Mother, dear, had you done all that for me?"—p. 551.

Drawn by
C. E. Brock.

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"It isn't that, Mr. MacFarnham and Ethel. I don't feel I ought to let it out, and yet I don't see how to help it. She felt she wasn't educated enough for you when you married an Honourable, and this last month she's been working hard to make up so you wouldn't be ashamed of her. She's practised from morning till night. I never had a pupil take to it like it, and she's worn herself out, but she never has been sure of anything really, and like as not I dare say she got the 'Largo' and 'The Reverie' mixed up, and the disappointment was just too much for her."

In the minds of her listeners, Miss Rawse's slow words created a picture. They seemed to see that pathetic martyrdom of love, and they looked into each other's eyes. Then they were both beside Mary Trewale, Ethel with her arm about her mother's little figure, her fresh cheek against her mother's wet one.

"Was that it? Oh, Mother, Mother, dear, had you done all that for me?"

The grey head nodded and the clinging arms drew closer. Ethel was crying too.

"Mother, dear, I never knew you were so sweet and dear. I didn't dream anyone could be, but it wasn't necessary, was it, John?"

MacFarnham answered, and his voice was very kind.

"Dear Mrs. Trewale, it wasn't necessary at all. My mother took in washing to get together the golden goblins—that's what we call sovereigns in Australia—for me to go to college. She died and I had to do all sorts of things to finish what she'd begun by myself. That little photo of you Ethel took out with her was just a wee bit like my mother. I think I've loved you ever since she told me about you, and showed it me."

Mrs. Trewale was looking up at him by now. She turned to Ethel, touching with a trembling hand the wonders of the fashionable hair.

"Do you—do you mean you like my hair and all the old way best?"

"It's ever so smart, of course, but the old way was—Mother."

A flickering smile came to Mary Trewale's lips; then she sighed.

"I haven't felt at all like myself," she confessed. "I was like a sort of stranger. It's a real relief to know he had a mother just ordinary like me. Maybe for her sake, John, you'll forgive me when I'm disappointing to you?"

"You won't disappoint me—you're a real mother and that's enough," said the Honourable, and from his great height stooped down and kissed his mother-in-law.



CHARLOTTE BRONTË

Her Personality and Genius

By A. C. BENSON, C.V.O.,

Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge

This month we celebrate the Centenary of Charlotte Brontë, she having been born on April 21, 1816.

GREAT and impassioned as Charlotte Brontë's genius was, the extraordinary quality of her fame can hardly be explained by it, while her personality, finely tempered and strong with an inner sort of strength as it is clearly revealed to have been, has not the vivid charm, the picturesqueness which generally surrounds the words, the looks, the ways of very famous people such as Tennyson, or Ruskin, or Carlyle.

And yet her fame is of an order that is often denied even to great figures, chiefly because it evokes in those who love her books a sort of ardent personal devotion. It is a cult, a form of worship rather than a mere admira-

tion. She was incredibly shy and persistently retiring; public appearances did not weary her—they made her positively ill.

We know very little of the current of her days, which were so simply spent

that even in the height of her fame she did not feel herself excused from actually performing the housework of the little dark Vicarage. Very little is recorded of her conversation, while much is recorded of her almost painfully tense silences. In her books and occasionally in her letters she spoke out, with a fire that glows and burns. But very few people could, I imagine, construct a mental picture of her



Charlotte Brontë.

From a Painting by Thompson.

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look and appearance. Her portraits vary strangely, and the one which is probably the most faithful of all, that by her brother in the National Portrait Gallery, is almost painfully homely. We know how minute she was, how small and birdlike her hands were, how short-sighted she was. But personally, though I am familiar with all the known portraits of her, I cannot evoke anything like a definite visualisation of her.

Moreover, in character, she was, under her outward sensitiveness, unflinching, rigid, stern in her judgments both of others and of herself.

What, then, is the reason that Charlotte Brontë attracts this peculiar sort of worship in her admirers?

In the first place, she was fortunate enough to have her memory enshrined in a very fine biography. Mrs. Gaskell's great book is among the best biographies in English. It was candid, frank to the verge of indiscretion, life-like and exact. It depicted without any romantic disguise the hard, bare, tragic life of the three daughters of the Vicarage, with their disgraceful and abandoned brother, and their eccentric, formidable, remote father. The whole background is finely and perceptively sketched, while Charlotte Brontë's letters give an authentic voice to the whole.

In the second place, the tale that is unfolded goes down to the very depths of pathos and tragedy. The brilliant and wayward brother, who came to such

hideous grief, and crept home shattered by self-indulgence, to live a misery and a horror to the household; the deaths of the elder children, the victims of a rough and insanitary school; the mother's lingering doom, the sudden collapse of the brother, the passionate struggle waged against death by Emily, the patient fading away of Anne, and last of all, the death of Charlotte herself

after her brief repose in the haven of wedded happiness—all these sorrows involve the story in a strange and terrible dignity.

Then, too, I think that the growing fame of Emily, her astounding and fearless genius, the silent mystery which involves her whole life, lends an additional touch of the marvellous to the whole scene.

Moreover, the extremely personal and autobiographical nature of Charlotte's books, the intense

atmosphere of life about them, invite a reader to interpret Charlotte's own life with a certain richness of imagination. Those glowing scenes, so full both of high courage and fiery passion, traced with so unfaltering a hand, people the silence of her life with awe-inspiring dreams. Rarely have the romantic and the realistic elements of life been so fused together. As a rule one is apt to suspect romance and to weary of realism. But in Charlotte Brontë's books it is difficult to detect the point at which realism slips into romance. In a book like "Shirley," for instance, begun before the great



The Main Street,
Haworth.

Photo:
J. J. Stead.

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tragedy of her life took shape, and finished in grief and loneliness, the thing does not seem so much possible as actual. It throbs and vibrates with life and emotion. Thus her books give a sense of life finely handled, of duty relentlessly done, of terrors and sorrows firmly confronted; and all this goes to swell the sense of amazement and awe.

Then, again, the very frailty and weakness of Charlotte, her terror of life, the way in which she multiplied the significance of the smallest events, the despair with which she faced the humblest social occasions with a courage that seems almost out of proportion to the minuteness of the crisis—this evokes, I am sure, a protective emotion, a feeling of tenderness such as is inspired by a clinging and frightened child, a desire to spare her from rough usage, to step in between her and the hard facts of life. It is difficult to love ardently unless some sense of pity mingles with love, unless there is something to support, console, and minister to; and this is the kind of love we can give to Charlotte Brontë.

Further, the nature of her work is of itself inspiring. She and Robert Browning did more than any other



Haworth's Old Parsonage
in Brontë's Time.

Photo:
J. J. Stoad

writers to vindicate the honour and glory of a deep and mutual love. Before them love had been a gift proudly tendered and meekly accepted. But Charlotte Brontë raised the idea of love from a mood into a condition. She showed how here man and woman attained a perfect equality, and that passion was not a thing which need ebb and flow, but which could sustain and permeate life, a true and permanent spiritual relation of equal dignity and worth on both sides. Charlotte Brontë set all this in a new and surprising light

and showed, past all doubt, that love could be ennobled by the free consent and co-operation of the soul. That it was not a mere partnership, not a weak yielding to delight, but a high and noble sacrament which could create and inspire newness and greatness of life.

Last of all she showed how fame, which, as Shelley so beautifully says, is "Love disguised," was within



Haworth Parish Church.

Photo: J. J. Stoad

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the reach of the humblest hand, and that a crown of glory may be won and worn by the meekest brow, if only the winner can pursue a lofty and noble ideal without any thought of gaining credit or renown. Charlotte Brontë said what she felt and thought without shame or disguise. She suffered acutely over the criticisms of her books, but this did not prevent her from drawing another and another arrow to the head, and loosing it from the bow with undiminished vigour. She has proved that the world will listen, admire, and adore if only the message is one of deepest truth, fiery emotion, and tender grace. It opens up a new possibility to lonely and ardent souls—the thought that no one who has a vital message to deliver will be unheeded. Never were great books launched upon the world from



Mrs. Gaskell,
Charlotte's Biographer.

From a
Print.

a more starved and limited *entourage*. If the delicate daughter of a humble parish priest, a girl whose most exciting adventure was a brief stay at a Belgian school, could make such a flaming torch out of her humble experiences, then all things were possible to a brave and lonely spirit.

It is here then that we must look for the wonderful secret of the devotion given to Charlotte Brontë—in the tragedies of her life, her frail body, her genius, her utter

truthfulness, her courage, her interpretation of love. It is thus that she wins, I will not say her renown, for that is altogether too staid a word, but the passionate affection and devotion of those who have penetrated her secret, and have traced her faltering steps out of the bleak moorland to the glory of her path among the stars.



Roe Head, Miss Wooler's School
(Where Charlotte Brontë went as a pupil and afterwards as teacher).

Photo:
J. J. Studd.



The Pensionnat in the Rue d'Isabelle,
Brussels, where Charlotte Brontë stayed.

*By permission of
Smith, Elder, & Co.*



The "Forbidden Alley,"
near the Pensionnat.

*By permission of
Smith, Elder, & Co.*

THE GIRL WHO COULDN'T BE BAD

By

DORA FOWLER MARTIN

"**T** IRED of it, I'm tired of everything!" cried Freda Raine, and there was an hysterical ring in her voice. "Tired of work—tired of sympathising—tired of helping others—tired of doing my duty. I want—I want——"

"What do you want?" asked the probationer, gazing at her open eyed. Freda tossed aside her cap, and tore off her long nursing apron. Then she turned to the pretty girl on whom she had let off the pent-up exasperation and strain of months.

"I want," she said, "to be bad! And I don't know how. I want to live entirely for myself. Think what I've missed in life!"

"Missed in life!" the girl repeated; "but what have you missed in life? You are so respected in the hospital, and now that your training is just completed I think you've got everything."

"Everything!" and Freda laughed. "Yes, I've got work—responsibility—respect, if that's worth anything. I'm a privileged person, privileged so far that I am permitted to lose my personality altogether in serving other people. And now, at nearly thirty, I discover that all I want is to be Me—Me—Me!"

And her low voice rose shrilly on the word.

The other woman looked alarmed, then both started as quietly someone behind them spoke. Turning abruptly they saw the Matron.

"I did not intend to overhear your conversation," said that gentle little lady, who ruled the huge establishment with a rod of iron, "but having heard I must say I sympathise. Nurse Lee, my dear, run to my room. You'll find those books I mentioned there, and I'll come and talk

over your examination work with you in a few minutes."

Freda laughed bitterly as the girl went out.

"Speak all the truth, Matron," she said. "You know perfectly well that you are going to tell that little girl not to take me too seriously. 'Nurse Raine is overwrought—we all know how reliable she really is'—I can hear you say it! But I spoke the truth—I'm weary of all this. I want to escape. I want to live—and my youth has nearly gone, and I've not started!"

"No, you've not," the elder woman agreed as she sat wearily down. "It's time you did. Your life has been cramped, you've been so busy serving that you've had no chance to develop. You are narrow."

Freda looked surprised and half annoyed.

Then she faced the Matron over the bare table of the ward kitchen.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "I knew you'd be kind, but I thought you would just tell me I am nervous and overstrained—true enough, too. I suppose in part—and I was dreadfully afraid that you'd say I was respected!"

The Matron's blue eyes twinkled.

"You've got an overweening idea of the respect you're held in, Freda," she laughed. "It is time you lost some of it. I'm quite ready to accept your resignation this minute if you care to give it to me."

Freda flushed, then she tried to laugh.

"All the same," she said, "I think you'd be annoyed if I accepted your offer. No, Matron, I don't honestly think I am very conceited, but I know I am valuable. Besides, my tiny annuity is too small to live on; I must earn my living somehow, and I suppose nursing is as good a way as any other."

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"That's for you to decide," said the Matron, rising. "But anyway, Freda, we don't want you for the present. I've just brought your case before the committee, and all have decided that you need a rest. You may go now—this minute if you like, and we shall welcome you back gladly any time during the next three months. If you do not return by the end of that time your post will be filled."

"It is very good of the committee, or rather of you, for you have done it all, I know," the nurse began, then she stopped short. "No," she cried, "I won't! Why should I be grateful? After all, I've done good service here—I deserve it all. I'll go at once, Matron; only first, perhaps, I had better help you to arrange about the work. After all, of course, I must wait till you've got a supply."

"Why should you worry about other people's convenience?" asked her superior. "Don't forget that it is only yourself that you've got to remember now."

"Of course it is—well, then, I am off! Don't be surprised if you see my name figuring in the police-court news!"

"All right," said the Matron cheerily; "only promise me one thing—it will be your own name, and not an assumed one—a mean trick that!"

"I promise," said Freda carelessly, and she was gone without a word of farewell.

Left alone, the Matron's placid face grew careworn.

"Have I done right?" she questioned herself. "I wonder! Yet I have seen revolt coming for months, and I think the homeopathic treatment is the right one for Freda. And though she doesn't suspect it, her principles are stronger than she is, so all will be well!"

A minute later she was busy arranging for Nurse Raine's supply.

Meanwhile Freda had packed her necessities and gone to the station. She had plenty of money to last her the three free months and more, for her little annuity had accumulated during the years of her training into a comfortable reserve.

"And one thing is certain," the girl decided; "I don't stay here. Also I cut myself off from my past. Also I don't go for an ordinary conventional holiday, or else if I ever do return, and I may have to, well, the Matron will laugh—and I like

being laughed at no more than I like being respected!"

She wandered up to the booking office to see where and when the next train was going. The midday express left for London in ten minutes.

"A good place to start from," she decided, and booked single.

That night she did a theatre and stayed at an hotel, and found it as respectable and as dull as a hospital ward.

"What shall I do to-day?" she wondered, as she sat over her solitary breakfast. Having resolutely cut herself off from all her friends, she already began to feel lonely. She wanted advice. Then, looking suddenly up, her eyes encountered those of an anxious-looking woman who, with her small boy, sat at the next table.

Impulsively she spoke to her.

"What would you do," she asked, "if, like me, you had an unexpected holiday in town?"

"Do!" exclaimed the other woman. "Why, I should shop. I adore shopping!" and she sighed.

"Oh, I don't want to shop," said Freda.

"Then you don't love it as I do. And I am so disappointed; I rarely get to town, and now just on my one day up my boy's nurse is ill. And who can shop with a vigorous child on their hands?"

The anxious woman looked tragic, but Freda only laughed.

"It is hard," she said. "But let me take charge of the boy; I like them that size, and I've nothing in the world to do."

The stranger, of course, protested that she could not think of taking advantage of such kindness; yet all the same, an hour later Freda and the child were discussing the craft on the Round Pond, as though for a lifetime they had haunted Kensington Gardens together.

It was not till her pleasant morning was over that the girl realised that already she was slipping back into her old foolish ways.

"If I stay here a day longer," she told herself, "they'll begin respecting me! What shall I do?"

Absent-mindedly she paused before a bookstall and turned over a dusty volume.

"Poverty," she read, "is the father of most crime."

"I'll be poor," cried Freda Raine, "really

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poor for a time. Then perhaps I shall touch life!"

So she went back to her hotel, donned her most ancient garments, put a few shillings in her purse, and ordered that her other belongings should be stored till she sent for them.

Then she went out into the afternoon sunshine.

Now, and voluntarily, she was debarred even from the humble bus, so resolutely she turned her face eastward to find shelter for the night. It is a long tramp from the West to the land of cheap lodgings. Freda was footsore and hungry when she reached a likely spot. Then she asked the advice of a benevolent-looking policeman.

He eyed her over dubiously, then his face cleared.

"We've lots of you journalists knocking round, miss, looking for copy," he informed her. "Well, if you're wanting that, and wanting it 'ot, go to Carter's shakedown in Oliver Street, not 'alf a mile away. You'll get it there all right."

Freda went.

And that night she proved the policeman's words that at Carter's you get copy, and "get it 'ot."

She decided that her remaining days of poverty should be spent in the country.

"It's impossible to live entirely for oneself in a crowded city," she argued. "What else could I do but tell that poor creature in the next bed to mine that she'd only have a quarter of the suffering if she treated herself properly? Country folk have friends of their own to help them; I shan't be tempted to interfere."

She was off by seven—Carter's shakedown did not tempt their inmates to linger—and she enjoyed the sharp fresh morning air. On she went through the stolid dignity of the City, the busy impressionless outer circles of labour, till the smug suburbs were reached. Then houses grew scarce and green fields multiplied, though ever and again another cluster of dwellings sprang into being as though to defy the great monster London to stay his hand.

It was at one of these that the mongrel joined her.

Collarless he was, and torn, and bruised, and thin. If anyone owned such a dog, Freda decided, they would be glad to lose it. Nevertheless, she tried to send it home.

But the mongrel had conceived one of those dog-loves that no sticks or stones can kill. He would not leave her, and she smiled to see the bliss one kind word gave the little creature. "It will want food," thought Freda, "and it is not mine to feed."

Yet the mongrel was fed when she paused for her midday meal.

For a week they tramped the countryside together. Then one sultry noon the woman sat down to review the situation.

She had enjoyed herself, the weather had been perfect, the country glorious, the cottagers she had met with interesting. But Freda was dissatisfied.

"I'm enjoying myself," she acknowledged, "but I'm not getting my own back. I came out to defy the world, and it seems to me I'm helping it!"

"Why did I bandage that child's scalded foot? What did the little thing's sufferings matter to me?"

"Why did I carry that tramp's baby up the hill? Supposing the mother had fainted, was it my affair?"

"Why did I pay—and pay too much—for the apples that I had meant to steal? What if the old man who owned the orchard were poor and anxious? I had not made him so!"

She rose up resolutely.

To live with the poor was no way for her. Of course, she must live with the rich—they were happy, prosperous, she could despoil them without compunction.

Two days later she was a guest at an ultra-fashionable hydro on the coast. It had cost her some qualms to waste her small capital on the frivolities which were necessary before she could enter with becoming dignity and show. But she had rejoiced in her scruples.

"Now I am wasting on chiffon and lace money which I might have spent on flannel and calico for the poor!" she cried. "I shall succeed this time." And she got rid of the mongrel.

It caused her a pang, but he was too shabby for the hydro. She would not have him killed, though she believed that would be the more merciful fate, but she feared his dying eyes might haunt her. So she simply ran away from him, and then his living eyes haunted her instead. And she hated the prize Pom she had bought in his place.

The fashionable hydro was very gay.

THE GIRL WHO COULDN'T BE BAD



"I've run away, too,"
she sighed"—p. 564.

Written by
Elizabeth Egerton

Freda found she had almost forgotten how to play, but she worked hard at frivolity, and found it tiring.

There was a man there who seemed to find it tiring, too—that was why they got friends.

One morning they stood together looking over the park walls on to the busy promenade below.

"Miss Raine," he exclaimed suddenly, "I am tired—tired and miserable!" And he looked full at her with big pathetic eyes that made her think with a pang of her lost mongrel.

She considered him professionally.

"Are you ill?" she asked.

He shook his head.

"I soon shall be," he said, "if this life lasts!"

Long experience had taught Nurse Raine that silence will draw a shy man's confidence when no words on earth will do so.

She waited for more.

"I've no right to bother you, almost a stranger, with my affairs," he continued, after a pause. "But you are different from the rest—you are strong—you could understand, and help. Shall I bore you?"

Here was the woman's chance, a man deliberately seeking help, and she might silence him with a word, a look. She knew it—and she failed!

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"If I listen first," she told herself, "it is feminine curiosity that makes me do so, that is all."

But she lied to herself, and perhaps far, far down she knew it.

"I'd like to hear," she said gently.

"I've run away," said the man miserably, "run away from my possessions, my responsibilities—but I can't escape them!"

She gazed at him for a moment, then out at the white breaking waves.

"I've run away, too," she sighed, "run away from my responsibilities—my capabilities. And I, too, can't escape."

"I knew you would understand," he cried. "Tell me your story first."

But she shook her head.

"I'd rather listen," she said, and lost another chance.

Then Walter Lester told of his happy though lonely life as a City clerk; of his accession to wealth and estates through the death of a distant unknown relative; of his first joy, then boredom, then discovery that duties awaited him which he did not know how to fulfil.

"I want to do right by the tenants, I really do, Miss Raine," he finished, "but I need help to see what needs doing; it is all wrong, I know. Yet whoever I try to lean on fails me. And I need experience so! I came away here to escape the very memory of it all—and here it haunts me."

Freda smiled at him.

"Don't worry," she said, "it will all come right. I think you have done more already than you know. Now, I am not unexperienced; begin at the beginning and tell me all about it; perhaps I might be able to suggest something."

And during the next two weeks they had many walks and talks together. Then came the inevitable conclusion—the conclusion they had ignored, that the other guests had waited for with many a significant look and hint.

They forgot their problems and only remembered each other.

"Walter," said the girl one golden evening—it was the evening of the day when he had first kissed her—"I think I have only one regret in life. I failed my mongrel!"

He looked puzzled.

"The Pom," he said, "is a pedigree dog I should reckon. But I hate it," he added simply.

"So do I," she agreed. "The Pom is a mere monetary investment. But the mongrel—it had great brown eyes, Walter, rather like yours when you are sad, and a queer yellow short coat, and no tail to speak of, and its ear was split."

"Not very prepossessing!" laughed the man.

"But it loved me, Walter, and I failed my mongrel!"

"I wonder!" he exclaimed, then he paused, and murmuring an excuse, hurried away.

A few minutes later Freda turned to go in. She wondered why the man had left her.

Then there was a sudden scuffling, the rattle of feet on the sandy path, and a short, excited bark—and the mongrel had leaped into her arms, and was licking her face in a rapture.

"Is it your mongrel?" asked the man, following hard after. "It has haunted the stables for days, so one of the men was telling me only this morning. It must have found you out, Freda, dear—and a jolly sensible little beggar, too!"

But Freda was shedding the first tears for years on its sandy, stubby coat.

"So I shall never come back, Matron, after all," Nurse Raine explained a few days later, "as I told you in my letter. Do you think I am stepping down?"

But the Matron shook her head.

"Your new career is a sacred one, too," she said.

Then she laughed.

"So you soon tired of the criminal life?" she asked.

Freda flushed.

"It takes genius to be really bad," she explained lamely, "the sort of genius I am sure I don't possess. And Walter needs me so!"

The Matron's face softened as she gazed at her.

"My dear," she said, "if Walter needs you—then you need Walter. You've so long made yourself a supplement to other people's needs that now the principle is stronger than you yourself."

"Go where you will, you will be a helper—you can't help it—it is your fate!"

Freda laughed softly, and her face shone.

"It is a very happy fate," she said.

WOMEN'S EMIGRATION AFTER THE WAR

An Important Economic Problem

By AMY B. BARNARD, L.L.A.

The article on another page, "The Woman who Pays," deals with an important problem of the present time. Miss Barnard's article deals with an equally important phase in the future.

NO work is more urgently needed by both the Motherland and the Dominions than the properly organised emigration of women," said Earl Grey in 1912.

The remark was true at the time; but the war has increased the difficulties of the situation, and made it doubly true now. Women and girls have, we know, been filling in a wonderful way posts vacated by enlisted men, and many have entered new fields of labour. In some of these they will remain, but thousands of munition workers will be unemployed; clerks and others must make room for men at the end of the war as these are released from service.

Upheaval and Distress

Under such conditions, upheaval and distress among women are feared; and since numbers of our brave fighters will never return home, the ranks of women wage-earners will be swelled by young widows and daughters of fallen men, and there will be crowds of half-trained nurses.

It is a question whether the young soldiers who are disbanded will be inclined to settle down to indoor life again. Undoubtedly there will be an impulse to emigrate, especially as there will be many homesteads across the seas vacated by colonials who have died fighting for the Empire. With the flower of our manhood slain, disabled, or migrated, with women treading closer on one another's heels in the search for work here, and with marriage impossible for many, so serious an in-

equality in the distribution of the two sexes is a matter of grave concern for the future of the race.

But there is a remedy, provided our girls and women under forty consider betimes the question—the imperial question—of migration, and, with the faith to venture and the courage to dare, move to those parts of the Empire where they are wanted. Our wonderful Empire should be peopled by the British race, but in the west of Canada (Saskatchewan, Alberta) we are in a minority, and there is a grand opportunity there for English teachers to make good Canadians out of the children of the various races.

The Call of the Colonies

The Empire is making at this crisis a clear call to the strong, capable daughters of the Motherland to spread British civilisation, language, just rule and righteous living in the overseas dominions, countries that are neither mean nor inhospitable, but richly dowered in variety of climate and natural resources. In them they are wanted, not only as workers, but as wives and mothers. Overcrowded here, they can do "their bit" for the Empire out there, not in destroying life, but in helping to build up great countries of the future. The Empire has been indissolubly welded together during the war; indeed, the terms "colony" and "emigration" are yielding place to "overseas dominions," "migration," in accord with enlightened imperial ideas.

The war has, of course, checked settle-

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ment overseas, but emigration societies are preparing for big movements on the conclusion of peace. The British Women's Emigration Association, Imperial Institute, London, W., the South African Colonisation Society, the Emigration Department of the Y.W.C.A., the Colonial Intelligence League for Educated Women, and other societies are doing fine work in this respect. Now, indeed, is the time to think and prepare for emigration, to save for it, and to obtain at least a few months' training in the work contemplated. Whatever that may be, grit, adaptability, good health, and capacity for home-making never come amiss. A knowledge of housework, especially of *home* cookery and laundry, and ability to fend for herself and others are big assets to the woman immigrant. But she must adapt herself to new conditions, and not expect a life of ease and pleasure. Our overseas dominions desire no slackers, and they, too, have suffered from the war.

Where Help is Needed

Each has its needs, and the girl who thinks of emigration can discover these and obtain advice, guidance and protection from the moment she steps into an office of one of the societies till she reaches her new home, right across Canada or South Africa. Parties of women are escorted by "matrons"—charming women, those I have seen—and when numbers travel, it is possible to form them into groups, so that a girl has congenial companions, and is received at one of the hostels of the Government, Y.W.C.A., or other association. On the long cross-country journey in Canada it is usual for the B.W.E.A. to reserve a car at colonists' rates, for which the matron acting as escort does the catering. As men's and women's berths are placed anywhere on the cars, the advantage of these arrangements is obvious.

To educated, all-round capable women, Canada east of the Rockies, where the climate is less severe in winter than at Winnipeg, and New Zealand offer great attractions, while South Africa specially wants teachers and nurses. As to domestic servants, girls of the right type are everywhere in demand, make good colonists, and move up socially.

Let us consider our overseas dominions in turn as fields for women emigrants.

In answering the call of the West, the educated English girl does well to complete her training in teaching, nursing or farming on arrival. A Canadian certificate is naturally preferred, and there are good training colleges for those who can afford them. At Hoebridge Overseas Training School, Woking, England, a Canadian lady initiates students into Canadian life, housework, fruit and vegetable culture, dairy and poultry work, Canadian stoves and meals, so that they are soon at home on the prairie lands; it is unnecessary for a woman to learn ploughing and rough farming, as some imagine. In Saskatchewan British elementary teachers are urgently needed for prairie schools, and in Ontario technical schools want teachers of special subjects. Our half-trained nurses, whose help has been so welcome during the war, should give heed to Canada, and finish training in a Canadian general hospital. Western Canada badly wants maternity nurses. As to women stenographers, well-educated secretaries, knowing foreign languages and Canadian book-keeping, are in demand; so are dispensers, qualified in Canada, and "home-helps," factotums of the homesteads, invaluable to the busy wife and mother. Some of the many young widows in Great Britain might consider starting boarding-houses for women in the larger new Canadian towns, where there are at present "rooming-houses" and tea-rooms. About £20 covers the cost of emigration to British Columbia under the agis of the British Women's Emigration Association, which has a loan fund for educated women emigrants.

Anzac

The New Zealand Government has arranged for parties of women emigrants during the war. Several women have been helped by Queen Mary's Fund, and write to say how glad they are they went out.

The war has been forging links of contact between us and families in New Zealand and Australia. Many British men will now emigrate to these dominions, knowing a welcome awaits them; sweethearts, wives and children will follow, once work is secured. Therefore, during, not after, the war is the time for the girl suitable for migration to our Australasian dominions to prepare for it. On the outbreak of

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hostilities one sensible young woman, who was a dressmaker and had kept house for her father, like so many needlewomen was thrown out of work. She passed a Y.W.C.A. building, and, attracted by the name, entered and inquired about emigration. After a few weeks' preparation she left for Auckland, and was soon settled in a sweet little bungalow with a young married couple, described as "awfully nice to me." The secretary, to whom she wrote a charmingly grateful letter as to a real friend, says she was just the girl for emigration, plucky, capable and ready to do what came to hand.

Many girls make the mistake of expecting too much, cling to their English ways, and fail to realise they must work. Some even get upset by the voyage of six or seven weeks. When once the current of migration moves freely again, the unattached Englishwoman who has been doing domestic work perhaps for the first time may for various reasons prefer to start life afresh in beautiful New Zealand, where domestic workers, who can do general housework and cook, are needed, and the passage fare is extraordinarily cheap. A domestic servant can get one from £2 16s. to £4 16s. according to size of cabin. She should be aged 18 to 35, be strong and healthy, with good references. Wages to date are quoted at £1 to 25s. a week.

In the Sunny Isles

Girls travelling under the B.W.E.A. with an experienced matron are given introductions to local correspondents or to secretaries of the Y.W.C.A. or G.F.S. in the principal ports, and, their papers being sent in advance, good situations are soon found. Children's nurses, trained in housework and able to teach young children, are much valued. An advantage in selecting New Zealand is the healthy climate, snowless in North Island, and like a sunnier Scotland in South Island; at the Antipodes, moreover, the question of woman suffrage has been definitely settled. In various parts of the islands there are already ten lodges and homes for the reception of women immigrants.

Australia has added to its generous contributions in men and money an offer to our Queen to help women in distress through the war by placing them with employers

prepared to teach them housework and pay 10s. a week at commencement. There is also a plan to assist the widows of soldiers and sailors by settling them in homesteads, though for this it would seem necessary to hasten the payments of pensions. Each Government has different arrangements for emigrants.

Queensland allows passages at £3 to women aged 18 to 35, and up to 45 in the case of widows without children. The conditions are made as easy as possible, for Queensland earnestly wants British people to settle in it without delay.

Victoria takes for £3 widows under 35 years of age whose husbands were sailors or soldiers killed in the war, and with not more than two children, passage rates for the latter being £2 and £1, advanced if necessary. Widows must show the husband's death certificate and their own birth certificate if over 30 years of age. Pensions are payable everywhere in the Empire. In the case of New South Wales, the fares for children of widows are £4 under 12 years, one child under 3 years free, and £1 deposit on each child. So far, Western and South Australia have made no special offer to widows, and assisted passages are suspended. But it is probable when the war is over great efforts will be made to migrate young widows with families to the lands of promise in the Commonwealth. Queensland alone is five times the size of Great Britain and Ireland, and has but one person to the square mile.

A Golden Opportunity

"The need of healthy, capable British women is great," says one writer, "and no time should be lost in taking advantage of the opportunities for emigration now offering. Many of these surplus women in Great Britain could benefit themselves by a freer and healthier life and broader outlook, and should be in a position after a few months' steady work to help those relatives left behind. A sturdy race is wanted to people this splendid country." Judging by the letters I have seen, the capable domesticated girl settles down happily to home-life in Queensland, where in town and country the wooden bungalow cottages with wide verandas, linoleum floor-covering and cane furniture are usual,

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and the climate is so healthy that the death-rate is the lowest in the world.

The British Immigration League of Australia is keenly alive to the desirability of equal settlement of men and women from the Motherland, and advocates the multiplication of farming colonies, well equipped and scientifically guided throughout the fertile areas of the Commonwealth.

British brides of New South Wales soldiers will be interested to hear "The New South Wales Government has reserved 25,000 acres of wheat-growing lands and 250,000 acres of irrigation lands for settlement for soldiers returned from the war."

To South Africa

The South African Colonisation Society was formed in 1901 to promote protected migration of British women. It has escorted 6,000, has hostels at Cape Town, Johannesburg, Salisbury and Bulawayo, and is in touch with Y.W.C.A. and G.F.S. lodges linked across the Union from Cape Town to Rhodesia, so that its opinion on openings for women should be consulted. These, it appears, vary in different provinces, but there is a steady demand for middle-class servants (cook-generals, house-parlour-maids, nurse-housemaids). Johannesburg will take as many higher-class domestics as arrive with good references. Mothers' helps and home-helps, with either training or experience in the care of children and household duties, are wanted. Native servants generally do rough housework, but parents do not care for them to look after their children, especially in Rhodesia; and as white servants do not get on with native ones, not knowing how to treat them, a sensible lady-nurse is a treasure.

School and private teachers are wanted in all parts of South Africa. Over here there is a special education committee of experts in touch with the educational authorities out there. When a school vacancy occurs, it interviews candidates and sends on copies of references of those selected for choice by the school; though sometimes the Board of Education settles the matter. Special facilities in the way of reduction of fares and provision of escort are given by the South African Colonisation Society. Many women thus sent are settled in homes of their own; others have become head-mistresses. The secretary tells me at

the moment of writing seventeen posts are waiting to be filled. High-school teachers, and teachers of special subjects, e.g. mathematics, domestic economy and physical culture, are wanted in Cape Colony. There is also an opportunity for the hospital nurse with three years' general training, with or without the C.M.B. certificate, and she is paid more than in England.

There is little opening for secretaries, but if a girl goes out to friends and can await a vacancy, well and good. A doctor who knows the South African climate advises an Englishwoman not to go out to work after the age of 40.

The Society's medical officer requires a standard of health equal to that of a first-class life insurance.

"Out there, the individual counts for so much. Public opinion is weak, and the woman of good strong character and high moral standard is a treasure." Here is encouragement to the right sort of woman Empire builder.

The Romance of it all

"This morning," continued the secretary, "a woman of 35 or 38 stepped into the room and said, 'I dare say you remember me. I was —.' 'Yes, I remember you.'"

"She had been a domestic servant in Yorkshire, emigrated to South Africa, married a soldier, and worked up a business of two tea-rooms, worth £600. She wanted to know if there was anything she could do for me, and declared gratefully: 'You started me. If you want me to take a party out, I'll do it. *Anything* you wish!'"

One almost envies that secretary her beautiful work in helping the overcrowded women here into the big dominions overseas, where, if they only knew it, they are earnestly needed now, and will be so more than ever as the Empire-welding effect of the war becomes apparent.

In putting forth these suggestions and stating dry "vacancies" and "wants," the romance of migration has scarcely had a peep in, but it is there—the great adventure into unknown lands, the voyage, the untried work, the new acquaintances and friends, more knowledge, fresh experiences, and to thousands of women—I wonder how many!—love and a happy marriage before long.

MICHAEL

Serial Story

By E. F. BENSON

CHAPTER VIII

A PROPOSAL

SOME fortnight later, and not long before Michael was leaving town for his Christmas visit to Ashbridge, Sylvia and her brother were lingering in the big studio from which the last of their Friday evening guests had just departed. The usual joyous chaos consequent on those entertainments reigned: the top of the piano was covered with the plates and cups of those who had made an *al fresco* supper (or breakfast) of fried bacon and coffee before leaving; a circle of cushions were ranged on the floor round the fire, for it was a bitterly cold night; and since, for some reason, a series of charades had been spontaneously generated, there was lying about an astonishing collection of pillow-cases, rugs, and table-cloths, and such articles of domestic and household use as could be converted into clothes for this purpose. But the event of the evening had undoubtedly been Hermann's performance of the "Wenceslas Variations"; these he had now learned, and, as he had promised Michael, was going to play them at his concert in the Steinway Hall in January. To-night a good many musician friends had attended the Friday evening gathering, and there had been no two opinions about the success of them.

"I was talking to Arthur Lagden about them," said Falbe, naming a prominent critic of the day, "and he would hardly believe that they were an *Opus I.*, or that Michael had not been studying music technically for years instead of six months. But that's the odd thing about Mike: he's so mature."

It was not unusual for the brother and sister to sit up like this, till any hour, after their guests had gone; and Sylvia collected a bundle of cushions, placed them on the floor and sat on them, with her feet towards the fire. For both of them the week was usually too busy for them to indulge that companionship, sometimes full of talk, sometimes consisting of those dropped words and long silences, on which intimacy lives; and they both enjoyed, above all hours in the week, a time like this, even though it robbed them of needed sleep. There was between them that bond which can scarcely exist between husband and wife, since it almost necessarily implies the close consanguinity of brother and sister, and postulates a certain sort of essential community of nature, founded not on tastes, nor even on affection, but on the fact that the same blood beats in the two. Here an intense affection, too strong to be ever demonstrative, fortified it, and both brother and sister talked to each other as if they were speaking to some psychically independent piece of themselves.

Sylvia had nothing apparently to add on the subject of Michael's maturity. Instead she shifted her head, which was not quite comfortable.

"Stuff a cushion under my head, Hermann," she said. "Thanks; now I'm completely comfortable, you will be relieved to hear."

Hermann gazed at the fire in silence.

"That's a weight off my mind," he said. "About Michael now. He's been suppressed all his life, you know, and instead of being dwarfed he has just gone on growing inside. Good gracious! I wish somebody would suppress me for a year or two. What a

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lot there would be when I took the cork out again. We dissipate too much, Sylvia, both you and I."

She gave a little grunt, which, from his knowledge of her inarticulate expressions, he took to mean dissent.

"I suppose you mean we don't," he remarked.

"Yes. How much one dissipates is determined for one just as is the shape of your nose or the colour of your eyes. By the way, I fell madly in love with that cousin of Michael's who came with him to-night. He's the most attractive creature I ever saw in my life. Of course, he's too beautiful: no boy ought to be as beautiful as that."

"You flirted with him," remarked Hermann. "Mike will probably murder him on the way home."

Sylvia moved her feet a little farther from the blaze.

"Funny?" she asked.

Instantly Falbe knew that her mind was occupied with exactly the same question as his.

"No, not funny at all," he said. "Quite serious. Do you want to talk about it or not?"

She gave a little groan.

"No, I don't want to, but I've got to," she said. "Aunt Barbara—we became Sylvia and Aunt Barbara an hour or two ago, and she's a dear—Aunt Barbara has been talking to me about it already."

"And what did Aunt Barbara say?"

"Just what you are going to," said Sylvia; "namely, that I had better make up my mind what I mean to say when Michael says what he means to say."

She shifted round so as to face her brother as he stood in front of the fire, and pulled his trouser-leg more neatly over the top of his shoe.

"But what's to happen if I can't make up my mind?" she said. "I needn't tell you how much I like Michael; I believe I like him as much as I possibly can. But I don't know if that is enough. Hermann, is it enough? You ought to know. There's no use in you unless you know about me."

He clawed some more cushions together, and sat down on the floor by her. She leaned back and rested her body against his folded knees. That expressed their attitude, what they were to each other, as absolutely as any physical

demonstration allowed. Had there not been the difference of sex which severed them she could never have got the sense of support that this physical contact gave her; had there not been her sisterhood to chaperon her, so to speak, she could never have been so at ease with a man. The two were lover-like, without the physical apexes and limitations that physical love must always bring with it. The complement of sex that brought them so close annihilated the very existence of sex. They loved as only brother and sister really can love, without trouble.

"It seems to me, Sylvia," he said, "that you ought to like Michael a little more or a little less."

"It's no use saying what I ought to do," she said. "The idea of what I 'ought' doesn't come in. I like him just as much as I like him, neither more nor less."

"What's the trouble, Sylvia?"

"Just what I've been trying to tell you."

"Be more concrete, then. You're definite enough when you sing."

She sighed and gave a little melancholy laugh.

"That's just it," she said. "People like you and me, and Michael, too, for that matter, are most entirely ourselves when we are at our music. When Michael plays for me I can sing my soul at him. While he and I are in music, if you understand—and of course you do—we belong to each other. Do you know, Hermann, he finds me when I'm singing, without the slightest effort, and even you, as you have so often told me, have to search and be on the lookout. And when the song is over, and, as somebody says, 'when the feast is finished and the lamps expire,' then—well, the lamps expire, and he isn't me any longer, but Michael, with the—the ugly face, and—oh, isn't it horrible of me?—the long arms and the little stumpy legs—if only he was rather different in things that don't matter, that *can't* matter! But—but, Hermann, if only Michael was rather like you, and you like Michael, I should love you exactly as much as ever, and I should love Michael, too."

She was leaning forward, and with both hands was very carefully tying and untying one of Hermann's shoelaces.

"Oh, thank goodness there is somebody in the world to whom I can say just whatever I feel, and know he understands," she said.

MICHAEL



"She shifted round so as to face her brother as he stood in front of the fire."

*Drawn by
Stanley Daz's.*

"And I know this, too—and follow me here, Hermann—I know that all that doesn't really matter; I am sure it doesn't. I like Michael far too well to let it matter. But there are other things which I don't see my way through, and they are much more real—"

She was silent again, so long that Hermann reached out for a cigarette, lit it, and threw away the match before she spoke.

"There is Michael's position," she said. "When Michael asks me if I will have him, as we both know he is going to do, I shall have to make conditions. I won't give up my career. I must go on working—in other words, singing—whether I marry him or not. I don't call it singing, in my sense of the word, to sing 'The Banks of Allan Water' to Michael and his father and mother at Ashbridge, any more than it is being a politician to read the morning

papers and argue about the Irish question with you. To have a career in politics means that you must be a member of Parliament—I daresay the House of Lords would do—and make speeches and stand the racket. In the same way, to be a singer doesn't mean to sing after dinner or to go squawking anyhow in a workhouse, but it means to get up on a platform before critical people, and, if you don't do your very best, be damned by them. If I marry Michael I must go on singing as a professional singer, and not become an amateur—the Viscountess Comber, who sings *so* charmingly. I refuse to sing charmingly; I will either sing properly or not at all. And I couldn't not sing. I shall have to continue being Miss Falbe, so to speak."

"You say you insist on it," said Hermann; "but whether you did or not, there

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is nothing more certain than that Michael would."

"I am sure he would. But by so doing he would certainly quarrel irrevocably with his people. Even Aunt Barbara, who, after all, is very liberal-minded, sees that. They can none of them, not even she, who are born to a certain tradition imagine that there are other traditions quite as stiff-necked. Michael, it is true, was born to one tradition, but he has got the other, as he has shown very clearly by refusing to disobey it. He will certainly, as you say, insist on my endorsing the resolution he has made for himself. What it comes to is this, that I can't marry him without his father's complete consent to all that I have told you. I can't have my career disregarded, covered up with awkward silences, alluded to as a painful subject; and, as I say, even Aunt Barbara seemed to take it for granted that if I became Lady Comber I should cease to be Miss Falbe. Well, there she's wrong, my dear; I shall continue to be Miss Falbe whether I'm Lady Comber, or Lady Ashbridge, or the Duchess of anything you please. And—here the difficulty really comes in—they must all see how right I am. Difficulty, did I say? It's more like an impossibility."

Hermann threw the end of his cigarette into the ashes of the dying fire.

"It's clear, then," he said, "you have made up your mind not to marry him."

She shook her head.

"Oh, Hermann, you fail me," she said. "If I had made up my mind not to I shouldn't have kept you up an hour talking about it."

He stretched his hands out towards the embers already coated with grey ash.

"Then it's like that with you," he said, pointing. "If there is the fire in you, it is covered up with ashes."

She did not reply for a moment.

"I think you've hit it there," she said. "I believe there is the fire; when, as I said, he plays for me I know there is. But the ashes? What are they? And who shall disperse them for me?"

She stood up swiftly, drawing herself to her full height and stretching her arms out.

"There's something bigger than we know coming," she said. "Whether it's storm or sunshine I have no idea. But there will be something that shall utterly sever Michael and me or utterly unite us."

"Do you care which it is?" he asked.

"Yes, I care," said she.

He held out his hands to her, and she pulled him up to his feet.

"What are you going to say, then, when he asks you?" he said.

"Tell him he must wait."

He went round the room putting out the electric lamps and opening the big skylight in the roof. There was a curtain in front of this, which he pulled aside, and from the frosty cloudless heavens the starshine of a thousand constellations filtered down.

"That's a lot to ask of any man," he said. "If you care, you care."

"And if you were a girl you would know exactly what I mean," she said. "They may know they care, but, unless they are marrying for perfectly different reasons, they have to feel to the end of their fingers that they care before they can say 'Yes.'"

He opened the door for her to pass out, and they walked up the passage together arm-in-arm.

"Well, perhaps Michael won't ask you," he said, "in which case all bother will be saved, and we shall have sat up talking till—Sylvia, did you know it is nearly three?—sat up talking for nothing!"

Sylvia considered this.

"Fiddlesticks!" she said.

And Hermann was inclined to agree with her.

This view of the case found confirmation next day, for Michael, after his music lesson, lingered so firmly and determinedly when the three chatted together over the fire that in the end Hermann found nothing to do but to leave them together. Sylvia had given him no sign as to whether she wished him to absent himself or not, and he concluded, since she did not put an end to things by going away herself, that she intended Michael to have his say.

The latter rose as the door closed behind Hermann, and came and stood in front of her. And at the moment Sylvia could notice nothing of him except his heaviness, his plainness, all the things that she had told herself before did not really matter. Now her sensation contradicted that; she was conscious that the ash somehow had vastly accumulated over her fire, that all her affection and regard for him were suddenly eclipsed. This was a complete surprise to her; for the moment she found Michael's

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presence and his proximity to her simply distasteful.

"I thought Hermann was never going," he said.

For a second or two she did not reply; it was clearly no use to continue the ordinary banter of conversation, to suggest that as the room was Hermann's he might conceivably be conceded the right to stop there if he chose. There was no transition possible between the affairs of every day and the affair for which Michael had stopped to speak. She gave up all attempt to make one; instead, she just helped him.

"What is it, Michael?" she asked.

Then to her, at any rate, Michael's face completely changed. There burned in it all of a sudden the full glow of that of which she had only seen glimpses.

"You know," he said.

His shyness, his awkwardness, had all vanished; the time had come for him to offer to her all that he had to offer, and he did it with the charm of perfect manliness and simplicity.

"Whether you can accept me or not," he said, "I have just to tell you that I am entirely yours. Is there any chance for me, Sylvia?"

He stood quite still, making no movement towards her. She, on her side, found all her distaste of him suddenly vanished in the mere solemnity of the occasion. His very quietness told her better than any protestations could have done of the quality of what he offered, and that quality vastly transcended all that she had known or guessed of him.

"I don't know, Michael," she said at length.

She came a step forward, and without any sense of embarrassment found that she, without conscious intention, had put her hands on his shoulders. The moment that was done she was conscious of the impulse that made her do it. It expressed what she felt.

"Yes, I feel like that to you," she said. "You're a dear. I expect you know how fond I am of you, and if you don't I assure you of it now. But I have got to give you more than that."

Michael looked up at her.

"Yes, Sylvia, much more than that."

A few minutes ago only she had not liked him at all; now she liked him immensely.

"But how, Michael?" she asked. "How can I find it?"

"Oh, it's I have got to find it for you," he said. "That is to say, if you want it to be found. Do you?"

She looked at him gravely, without the tremor of a smile in her eyes.

"What does that mean exactly?" she said.

"It is very simple. Do you want to love me?"

She did not move her hands; they still rested on his shoulders like things at ease, like things at home.

"Yes, I suppose I want to," she said.

"And is that the most you can do for me at present?" he asked.

That reached her again; all the time the plain words, the plain face, the quiet of him stabbed her with daggers of which he had no idea. She was dismayed at the recollection of her talk with her brother the evening before, of the ease and certitude with which she had laid down her conditions, of not giving up her career, of remaining the famous Miss Falbe, of refusing to take a dishonoured place in the sacred circle of the Combers. Now, when she was face to face with his love, so ineloquently expressed, so radically a part of him, she knew that there was nothing in the world, external to him and her, that could enter into their reckonings; but into their reckonings there had not entered the one thing essential. She gave him sympathy, liking, friendliness, but she did not want him with her blood. And though it was not humanly possible that she could want him with more than that, it was not possible that she could take him with less.

"Yes, that is the most I can do for you at present," she said.

Still quite quietly he moved away from her, so that he stood free of her hands.

"I have been constantly here all these last months," he said. "Now that you know what I have told you, do you want not to see me?"

That stabbed her again.

"Have I implied that?" she asked.

"Not directly. But I can easily understand its being a bore to you. I don't want to bore you. That would be a very stupid way of trying to make you care for me. As I said, that is my job. I haven't accomplished it as yet. But I mean to. I only ask you for a hint."

She understood her own feeling better

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than he. She understood at least that she was dealing with things that were necessarily incalculable.

"I can't give you a hint," she said. "I can't make any plans about it. If you were a woman perhaps you would understand. Love is, or it isn't. That is all I know about it."

But Michael persisted.

"I only know what you have taught me," he said. "But you must know that."

In a flash she became aware that it would be impossible for her to behave to Michael as she had behaved to him for several months past. She could not any longer put a hand on his shoulder, beat time with her fingers on his arm, knowing that the physical contact meant nothing to her, and all—all to him. The rejection of him as a lover rendered the sisterly attitude impossible. And not only must she revise her conduct, but she must revise the mental attitude of which it was the physical counterpart. Up till this moment she had looked at the situation from her own side only, had felt that no plans could be made, that the natural thing was to go on as before, with the intimacy that she liked and the familiarity that was the obvious expression of it. But now she began to see the question from his side; she could not go on doing that which meant nothing particular to her, if that *insouciance* meant something so very particular to him. She realised that if she had loved him the touch of his hand, the proximity of his face would have had significance for her, a significance that would have been intolerable unless there was something mutual and secret between them. It had seemed so easy, in anticipation, to tell him that he must wait, so simple for him just—well, just to wait until she could make up her mind. She believed, as she had told her brother, that she cared for Michael, or, as she had told him, that she wanted to—the two were to the girl's mind identical, though expressed to each in the only terms that were possible—but until she came face to face with the picture of the future, that to her wore the same outline and colour as the past, she had not known the impossibility of such a presentment. The desire of the lover on Michael's part rendered unthinkable the sisterly attitude on hers. That her instinct told her, but her reason revolted against it.

"Can't we go on as we were, Michael?"

He looked at her incredulously.

"Oh, no, of course not that," he said.

She moved a step towards him.

"I can't think of you in any other way," she said, as if making an appeal.

He stood absolutely unresponsive. Something within him longed that she should advance a step more, that he should again have the touch of her hands on his shoulders, but another instinct stronger than that made him revoke his desire, and if she had moved again he would certainly have fallen back before her.

"It may seem ridiculous to you," he said, "since you do not care. But I can't do that. Does that seem absurd to you? I am afraid it does; but that is because you don't understand. By all means let us be what they call excellent friends. But there are certain little things which seem nothing to you, and they mean so much to me. I can't explain; it's just the brotherly relation which I can't stand. It's no use suggesting that we should be as we were before—"

She understood well enough for his purposes.

"I see," she said.

Michael paused for a moment.

"I think I'll be going now," he said. "I am off to Ashbridge in two days. Give Hermann my love, and a jolly Christmas to you both. I'll let you know when I am back in town."

She had no reply to this; she saw its justice, and acquiesced.

"Good-bye, then," said Michael.

He walked home from Chelsea in that utterly blank and unfeeling consciousness which almost invariably is the sequel to any event that brings with it a change of attitude towards life generally. Not for a moment did he tell himself that he had been awakened from a dream, or abandon his conviction that his dream was to be made real. The rare, quiet determination that had made him give up his stereotyped mode of life in the summer and take to music was still completely his, and, if anything, it had been reinforced by Sylvia's emphatic statement that "she wanted to rare." Only her imagining that their old relations could go on showed him how far she was from knowing what "to care" meant. At first without knowing it, but with a gradually increasing keenness of consciousness, he had become aware that this

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"What is it, Michael?"
she asked "-p. 573.

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Stanley Davis.

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sisiterly attitude of hers towards him had meant so infinitely much, because he had taken it to be the prelude to something more. Now he saw that it was, so to speak, a piece complete in itself. It bore no relation to what he had imagined it would lead into. No curtain went up when the prelude was over; the curtain remained inexorably hanging there, not acknowledging the prelude at all. Not for a moment did he accuse her of encouraging him to have thought so; she had but given him a frankness of comradeship that meant to her exactly what it expressed. But he had thought otherwise; he had imagined that it would grow towards a culmination. All that (and here was the change that made his mind blank and unfeeling) had to be cut away, and with it all the budding branches that his imagination had pictured as springing from it. He could not be comrade to her as he was to her brother—the inexorable demands of sex forbade it.

He went briskly enough through the clean, dry streets. The frost of last night had held throughout the morning, and the sunlight sparkled with the rare and seasonable brightness of a traditional Christmas weather. Hecatombs of turkeys hung in the poulterers' windows, among sprigs of holly, and shops were bright with children's toys. The briskness of the day had flushed the colour into the faces of the passengers in the street, and the festive air of the imminent holiday was abroad. All this Michael noticed with a sense of detachment: what had happened had caused a veil to fall between himself and external things; it was as if he was sealed into some glass cage, and had no contact with what passed round him. This lasted throughout his walk, and when he let himself into his flat it was with the same sense of alienation that he found his cousin Francis gracefully reclining on the sofa that he had pulled up in front of the fire.

Francis was inclined to be querulous.

"I was just wondering whether I should give you up," he said. "The hour that you named for lunch was half-past one; and I have almost forgotten what your clock sounded like when it struck two."

This also seemed to matter very little.

"Did I ask you to lunch," Michael said. "I really quite forgot; I can't even remember doing it now."

"But there will be lunch?" asked Francis rather anxiously.

"Of course. It'll be ready in ten minutes."

Michael came and stood in front of the fire, and looked with a sudden spasm of envy on the handsome boy who lay there. If he himself had been anything like that—

"I was distinctly chippy this morning," remarked Francis, "and so I didn't so much mind waiting for lunch. I attribute it to too much coffee and bacon last night at your friend's house. I enjoyed it—I mean the evening, and for that matter the bacon—at the time. It really was extremely pleasant."

He yawned largely and openly.

"I had no idea you could frolic like that, Mike," he said. "It was quite a new light on your character. How did you learn to do it? It's quite a new accomplishment."

Here again the veil was drawn. Was it last night only that Falbe had played the Variations, and that they had acted charades? Francis proceeded in bland unconsciousness.

"I didn't know Germans could be so jolly," he continued. "As a rule I don't like Germans. When they try to be jolly they generally only succeed in being top-heavy. But, of course, your friend is half-English. Can't he play, too? And to think of your having written those ripping tunes. His sister, too—no wonder we haven't seen much of you, Mike, if that's where you've been spending your time. She's rather like the new girl at the Gaiety, but handsomer. I like big girls, don't you? Oh, I forgot, you don't like girls much, anyhow. But are you learning your mistake, Mike? You looked last night as if you were getting more sensible."

Michael moved away impatiently.

"Oh, shut up, Francis," he observed.

Francis raised himself on his elbow.

"Why, what's up?" he asked. "Won't she turn a favourable eye?"

Michael wheeled round savagely.

"Please remember you are talking about a lady, and not a Gaiety lady," he remarked.

This brought Francis to his feet.

"Sorry," he said. "I was only indulging in badinage until lunch was ready."

Michael could not make up his mind to tell his cousin what had happened; but he was aware of having spoken more strongly than the situation, as Francis knew of it, justified.

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"Let's have lunch, then," he said. "We shall be better after lunch, as one's nurse used to say. And are you coming to Ashbridge, Francis?"

"Yes; I've been talking to Aunt Bar about it this morning. We're both coming; the family is going to rally round you, Mike, and defend you from Uncle Robert. There's sure to be some duck-shooting, too, isn't there?"

This was a considerable relief to Michael. "Oh, that's ripping!" he said. "You and Aunt Barbara always make me feel that there's a good deal of amusement to be extracted from the world."

"To be sure there is. Isn't that what the world is for? Lunch and amusement, and dinner and amusement. Aunt Bar told me she dined with you the other night, and had a quantity of amusement as well as an excellent dinner. She hinted——"

"Oh, Aunt Barbara's always hinting," said Michael.

"I know. After all, everything that isn't hints is obvious, and so there's nothing to say about it. Tell me more about the Falbes, Mike. Will they let me go there again, do you think? Was I popular? Don't tell me if I wasn't."

Michael smiled at this egoism that could not help being charming.

"Would you care if you weren't?" he asked.

"Very much. One naturally wants to please delightful people. And I think they are both delightful. Especially the girl; but then she starts with the tremendous advantage of being—of being a girl. I believe you are in love with her, Mike, just as I am. It's that which makes you so grumpy. But then you never do fall in love. It's a pity; you miss a lot of jolly trouble."

Michael felt a sudden overwhelming desire to make Francis stop this maddening twaddle; also the events of the morning were beginning to take on an air of reality, and as this grew he felt the need of sympathy of some kind. Francis might not be able to give him anything that was of any use, but it would do no harm to see if his cousin's buoyant unconscious philosophy, which made life so exciting and pleasant a thing to him, would in any way help. Besides, he must stop this light banter, which was like drawing plaster off a sore and unhealed wound.

"You're quite right," he said. "I am in

love with her. Furthermore, this morning I asked her to marry me."

This certainly had an effect.

"Good gracious!" said Francis. "And do you mean to say she refused you?"

"She didn't accept me," said Michael. "We—we adjourned."

"But why on earth didn't she take you?" asked Francis.

All Michael's old sensitiveness, his self-consciousness of his plainness, his awkwardness, his big hands, his short legs, came back to him.

"I should think you could see well enough if you look at me," he said, "without my telling you."

"Oh, that silly old rot," said Francis cheerfully. "I thought you had forgotten all about it."

"I almost had—in fact I quite had until this morning," said Michael. "If I had remembered it I shouldn't have asked her."

He corrected himself.

"No, I don't think that's true," he said. "I should have asked her, anyhow; but I should have been prepared for her not to take me. As a matter of fact, I wasn't."

Francis turned sideways to the table, throwing one leg over the other.

"That's nonsense," he said. "It doesn't matter whether a man's ugly or not."

"It doesn't as long as he is not," remarked Michael grimly.

"It doesn't matter much in any case. We're all ugly compared to girls; and why ever they should consent to marry any of us awful hairy things is more than I can make out; but, as a matter of fact, they do. They don't mind what we look like; what they care about is whether we want them. Of course, there are exceptions——"

"You see one," said Michael.

"No, I don't. Goodness me, you've only asked her once. You've got to make yourself felt. You're not intending to give up, are you?"

"I couldn't give up."

"Well then, just hold on. She likes you, doesn't she?"

"Certainly," said Michael, without hesitation. "But that's a long way from the other thing."

"It's on the same road."

Michael got up.

"It may be," he said, "but it strikes me it's round the corner. You can't even see one from the other."

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"Possibly not. But you never know how near the corner really is. Go for her, Mike, full speed ahead."

"But how?"

"Oh, there are hundreds of ways. I'm not sure that one of the best isn't to keep away for a bit. Even if she doesn't want you just now, when you are there, she may get to want you when you aren't. I don't think I should go on the mournful Byronic plan if I were you; I don't think it would suit your style; you're too heavily built to stand leaning against the chimneypiece, gazing at her and disheveling your hair."

Michael could not help laughing.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, don't make a joke of it," he said.

"Why not? It isn't a tragedy yet. It won't be a tragedy till she marries somebody else, or definitely says no. And until a thing is proved to be tragic, the best way to deal with it is to treat it like a comedy which is going to end well. It's only the second act now, you see, when everything gets into a mess. By the merciful decrees of Providence, you see, girls on the whole want us as much as we want them. That's what makes it all so jolly."

Michael went down next day to Ashbridge, where Aunt Barbara and Francis were to follow the day after, and found, after the freedom and interests of the last six months, that the pompous formal life was more intolerable than ever. He was clearly in disgrace still, as was made quite clear to him by his father's icy and awful politeness when it was necessary to speak to him, and by his utter unconsciousness of his presence when it was not. This he had expected. Christmas had ushered in a truce, in which no guns were discharged, but remained sighted and pointed, ready to fire.

But though there was no change in his father, his mother seemed to Michael to be curiously altered; her mind, which, as has been already noticed, was usually in a stunned condition, seemed to have awakened like a child from its sleep, and to have begun vaguely crying in an inarticulate discomfort. It was true that Petsy was no more, having succumbed to a bilious attack of unusual severity, but a second Petsy had already taken her place, and Lady Ashbridge sat with him—it was a gentleman Petsy this time—in her lap as before, and occasionally shed

a tear or two over Petsy II. in memory of Petsy I. But this did not seem to account for the waking up of her mind and emotions into this state of depression and anxiety. It was as if all her life she had been quietly dozing in the sun, and that the place where she sat had passed into the shade, and she had awakened cold and shivering from a bitter wind. She had become far more talkative, and, though she had by no means abandoned her habit of upsetting any conversation by the extreme obviousness of her remarks, she asked many more questions, and, as Michael noticed, often repeated a question to which she had received an answer only a few minutes before. During dinner Michael constantly found her looking at him in a shy and eager manner, removing her gaze when she found it was observed, and when, later, after a silent cigarette with his father in the smoking-room, during which Lord Ashbridge, with some ostentation, studied an Army List, Michael went to his bedroom, he was utterly astonished, when he gave a "Come in" to a tapping at his door, to see his mother enter. Her maid was standing behind her holding the inevitable Petsy, and she herself hovered hesitatingly in the doorway.

"I heard you come up, Michael," she said, "and I wondered if it would annoy you if I came in to have a little talk with you. But I won't come in if it would annoy you. I only thought I should like a little chat with you, quietly, secure from interruptions."

Michael instantly got up from his chair in front of the fire, in which he had already begun to see images of Sylvia. This intrusion of his mother's was a thing utterly unprecedented, and somehow he at once connected its innovation with the strange manner he had remarked already. But there was complete cordiality in his welcome, and he wheeled up a chair for her.

"By all means come in, mother," he said. "I was not going to bed yet."

Lady Ashbridge looked round for her maid.

"And will Petsy not annoy you if he sits quietly on my knee?" she asked.

"Of course not."

Lady Ashbridge took the dog.

"There, that is nice," she said. "I told them to see you had a good fire on this cold night. Has it been very cold in London?"

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This question had already been asked and answered twice, now for the third time Michael admitted the severity of the weather.

"I hope you wrap up well," she said. "I should be sorry if you caught cold, and so, I am sure, your father would be. I wish you could make up your mind not to vex him any more, but go back into the Guards."

"I'm afraid that's impossible, mother," he said.

"Well, if it's impossible there is no use in saying anything more about it. But it vexed him very much. He is still vexed with you. I wish he was not vexed. It is a sad thing when father and son fall out. But you do wrap up, I hope, in the cold weather?"

Michael felt a sudden pang of anxiety and alarm. Each separate thing that his mother said was sensible enough, but in the sum her remarks were nonsense.

"You have been in London since September," she went on. "That is a long time to be in London. Tell me about your life there. Do you work hard? Not too hard, I hope?"

"No; hard enough to keep me busy," he said.

"Tell me about it all. I am afraid I have not been a very good mother to you; I have not entered into your life enough. I want to do so now. But I don't think you ever wanted to confide in me. It is sad when sons don't confide in their mothers. But I dare say it was my fault, and now I know so little about you."

She paused a moment, stroking her dog's ears, which twitched under her touch.

"I hope you are happy, Michael," she said. "I don't think I am so happy as I used to be. But don't tell your father; I feel sure he does not notice it, and it would vex him. But I want you to be happy; you used not to be when you were little; you



"He was utterly astonished, when he gave a 'Come in' to a tapping at his door, to see his mother enter."

Drawn by
Stanley Davis.

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were always sensitive and queer. But you do seem happier now, and that's a good thing."

Here again this was all sensible, when taken in bits, but its aspect was different when considered as a whole. She looked at Michael anxiously a moment, and then drew her chair closer to him, laying her thin, veined hand, sparkling with many rings, on his knee.

"But it wasn't I who made you happier," she said, "and that's so dreadful. I never made anybody happy. Your father always made himself happy, and he liked being himself, but I suspect you haven't liked being yourself, poor Michael. But now that you're living the life you chose, which vexes your father, is it better with you?"

The shyness had gone from the gaze that he had seen her direct at him at dinner, which fugitively fluttered away when she saw that it was observed, and now that it was bent so unwaveringly on him he saw shining through it what he had never seen before, namely, the mother-love which he had missed all his life. Now, for the first time, he saw it; recognising it, as by divination, when, with ray serene and untroubled, it burst through the mists that seemed to hang about his mother's mind. Before, noticing her change of manner, her restless questions, he had been vaguely alarmed, and as they went on the alarm had become more pronounced; but at this moment, when there shone forth the mother-instinct which had never come out or blossomed in her life, but had been overlaid completely with routine and conventionality, rendering it too indolent to put forth petals, Michael had no thought but for that which she had never given him yet, and which, now it began to expand before him, he knew he had missed all his life.

She took up his big hand that lay on his knee and began timidly stroking it.

"Since you have been away," she said, "and since your father has been vexed with you, I have begun to see how lonely you must have been. What taught me that, I am afraid, was only that I have begun to feel lonely, too. Nobody wants me; even Petsy, when she died, didn't want me to be near her, and then it began to strike me that perhaps you might want me. There was no one else, and who should want me if my son did not? I never gave you the chance before, God forgive me, and now

perhaps it is too late. You have learned to do without me."

That was bitterly true; the truth of it stabbed Michael. On his side, as he knew, he had made no effort either, or if he had it had been but childish effort, easily repulsed. He had not troubled about it, and if she was to blame, the blame was his also. She had been slow to show the mother-instinct, but he had been just as wanting in the tenderness of the son.

He was profoundly touched by this humble timidity, by the sincerity, vague but unquestionable, that lay behind it.

"It's never too late, is it?" he said, bending down and kissing the thin white hands that held his. "We are in time, after all, aren't we?"

She gave a little shiver.

"Oh, don't kiss my hands, Michael," she said. "It hurts me that you should do that. But it is sweet of you to say that I am not too late, after all. Michael, may I just take you in my arms—may I?"

He half rose.

"Oh, mother, how can you ask?" he said.

"Then let me do it. No, my darling, don't move. Just sit still as you are, and let me just get my arms about you, and put my head on your shoulder, and hold me close like that for a moment, so that I can realise that I am not too late."

She got up, and, leaning over him, held him so for a moment, pressing her cheek close to his, and kissing him on the eyes and on the mouth.

"Ah, that is nice," she said. "It makes my loneliness fall away from me. I am not quite alone any more. And now, if you are not tired, will you let me talk to you a little more, and learn a little more about you?"

She pulled her chair again nearer him, so that sitting there she could clasp his arm.

"I want your happiness, dear," she said, "but there is so little now that I can do to secure it. I must put that into other hands. You are twenty-five, Michael; you are old enough to get married. All Combers marry when they are twenty-five, don't they? Isn't there some girl you would like to be yours? But you must love her, you know, you must want her, you mustn't be able to do without her. It won't do to marry just because you are twenty-five."

It would no more have entered into Michael's head this morning to tell his mother about Sylvia than to have discussed

MICHAEL

counterpoint with her. But then this morning he had not been really aware that he had a mother. But to tell her now was not unthinkable, but inevitable.

"Yes, there is a girl whom I can't do without," he said.

Lady Ashbridge's face lit up.

"Ah, tell me about her—tell me about her," she said. "You want her, you can't do without her; that is the right wife for you."

Michael caught at his mother's hand as it stroked his sleeve.

"But she is not sure that she can do with me," he said.

Her face was not dimmed at this.

"Oh, you may be sure she doesn't know her own mind," she said. "Girls so often don't. You must not be down-hearted about it. Who is she? Tell me about her."

"She's the sister of my great friend, Hermann Falbe," he said, "who teaches me music."

This time the gladness faded from her.

"Oh, my dear, it will vex your father again," she said, "that you should want to marry the sister of a music-teacher. It will never do to vex him again. Is she not a lady?"

Michael laughed.

"But certainly she is," he said. "Her father was German, her mother was a Tracy, just as well-born as you or I."

"How odd, then, that her brother should have taken to giving music lessons. That does not sound good. Perhaps they are poor, and certainly there is no disgrace in being poor. And what is her name?"

"Sylvia," said Michael. "You have probably heard of her; she is the Miss Falbe who made such a sensation in London last season by her singing."

The old outlook, the old traditions were beginning to come to the surface again in poor Lady Ashbridge's mind.

"Oh, my dear!" she said. "A singer! That would vex your father terribly. Fancy the daughter of a Miss Tracy becoming a singer. And yet you want her—that seems to me to matter most of all."

Then came a step at the door; it opened an inch or two, and Michael heard his father's voice.

"Is your mother with you, Michael?" he asked.

At that Lady Ashbridge got up. For one second she clung to her son, and then, disengaging herself, froze up like the sudden congealment of a spring.

"Yes, Robert," she said. "I was having a little talk to Michael."

"May I come in?"

"It's our secret," she whispered to Michael.

"Yes, come in, father," he said.

Lord Ashbridge stood towering in the doorway.

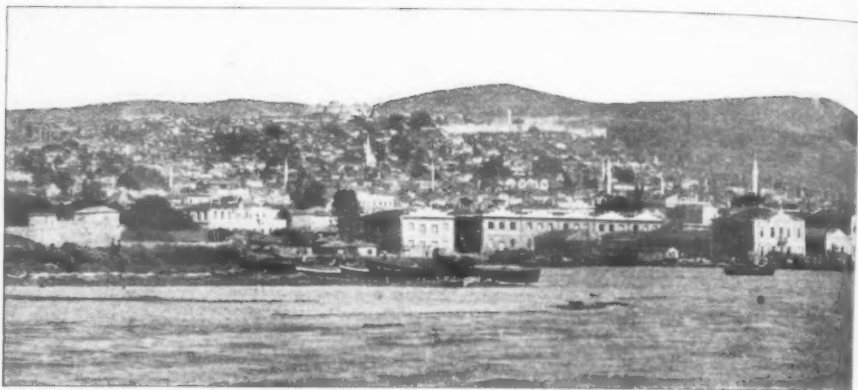
"Come, my dear," he said, not unkindly, "it's time for you to go to bed."

She had become the mask of herself again.

"Yes, Robert," she said. "I suppose it must be late. I will come. Oh, there's Petsy. Will you ring, Michael?—then Fedden will come and take him to bed. He sleeps with Fedden."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





Salonika

(The ancient Thessalonica of the Early Christian Church.)

Perla
Borgia

EASTER IN THE EARLY CHRISTIAN CHURCH

By ELLA E. WALTERS

YEAR by year as the glorious festival of Easter comes round, with its message of hope and immortality, it becomes more and more difficult to realise the controversy which once raged round its observance. It is a curious fact that every custom that has reached world-wide stability and acceptance has achieved its result through warfare, whether of word, mind or motion!

Authorities tell us that the word Easter comes from the Saxon "Eastre," a heathen goddess who was worshipped with much ceremony in April. Thus has light triumphed over darkness! The Early Christians called it Pascha, or Pasch, a Hebrew word meaning "passage," in remembrance of the Jewish Passover, to which the festival of Easter corresponds. The Latins still use this name.

The War around Easter

The first cause of friction was the date on which the feast should be kept. As Our Lord's Resurrection took place on Sunday, 16th Nisan (April), many of the Early Christians were in favour of keeping

that date, no matter on what day of the week it might fall, in spite of the fact that it could only fall on a Sunday about once in seven years! Others again thought the right day was the Sunday following the 16th Nisan. The dispute grew hotter as the years went by, neither side yielding an inch until unity itself was almost lost in the struggle for uniformity, and the beauty and holiness of the great festival was marred by the clamour and argument which roared round its serenity. The controversy became acute about A.D. 191, when Polycrates, Bishop of Ephesus and of the Eastern Churches, wrote a most dignified letter of protest to Victor, Bishop or Pope of the West. He appealed against the Roman usage, and pleaded for the observance of Easter at the same time as that of the Jewish Passover. Good as was the argument, the idea could not be entertained, for it was necessary that Christianity should sooner or later assert its independence of Judaism.

It is sad to think that nothing was definitely settled until the Council of Nice,

EASTER IN THE EARLY CHRISTIAN CHURCH

of Festivals," and says "it excels all others as far as the sun exceeds the other stars." In the earliest ages great acts of public grace were shown on this day. Echoing down the centuries we can



San Sofia,
Constantinople.

A marvellous Christian church turned
into a Mohammedan mosque.

A.D. 324, when the wisest and holiest minds of that time, anxious to bring peace out of strife, decreed that the "Pasch" should always be kept on Sunday.

The next thing was for the bishops to inform the rest of the world on which Sunday every year Easter was to be observed.

Here again was an opening for disagreements between East and West, until in A.D. 525 Dionysius Exiguus brought in the Paschal Canon a rule for both disputants. This fixed Easter on the Sunday after the fourteenth day of the vernal moon, and makes March 22 the earliest and April 25 the latest date possible for its observance.

The Queen of Festivals

As Sunday to the week so is Easter to the year, and in primitive times people felt they could not do sufficient to enhance its wonder and significance. An ancient writer calls it the "Queen

hear the glad shouts of released prisoners—we can see the wonder of the wide-thrown dungeon doors and hear the rush of feet across those fearsome thresholds into light and life and joy! On this day, too, the slaves—poor, pitiful human chattels—received their freedom from the hands of masters on whom conviction or custom placed this Christian duty.

As redemption of body and soul went thus gloriously hand in hand what radiance of thanksgiving must have flooded the churches at the great festal communion in remembrance of Him who alone had made such happiness possible!

A very beautiful and significant ceremony, begun somewhat later in the Church's history, and still continued in the Greek Church, took place on Easter Eve. The people assembled in their place of worship, each carrying an unlighted candle. Half-way through the service all lights in the church were extinguished except that on the altar.

THE QUIVER

In the hush of a great silence the officiating priest took a taper and lit it at the altar light and then turned to the congregation, who, one by one, solemnly lighted their candles from his.

Slowly the church filled with the soft radiance of many hundred star-points, and a burst of glorious melody rang from end to end of the building emphasising the great command: "Arise, shine, for thy Light has come." This service usually concluded at midnight, and the worshippers in departing saluted each other and all whom they met with the words, "Christ is risen," the response being a glad, "He is risen indeed."

This, too, was the greeting of friend to friend, or to passing strangers, right through Easter Day itself, and our Church in this twentieth century, supposing us to be as eager of the joyful news as those old-time men and women, encourages us in our service of praise to call upon one another to "keep the Feast."

To the widows and the poverty-stricken Easter was especially a time of rejoicing. In those far-off days the needy had to fend for themselves, poverty being practically a crime, and to tread on the fallen in fortune a virtue. Then when the Gospel brought its message of comfort, "Blessed are ye poor," it brought also the command, "Freely ye have received, freely give," and so Easter Day was specially set aside for liberal gifts to the

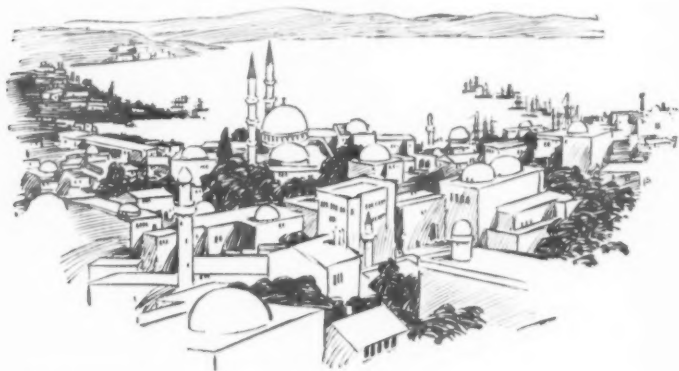
necessitous, and then was begun the system of regular relief by Christians everywhere.

Another matter of great import and interest in the Early Church on this day was the solemn time of Baptism. The long lines of converts in their white garments made a most impressive spectacle and served still further to seal the solemnity of the sacred day.

Added to this, the whole week after Easter was kept as part of the festival. No work was done that could be left undone, and the very air was instinct with a sense of freedom, peace and devotion.

To-day, living in the throes of the great world-war, one looks back through the mist of the centuries to that far-off early Easter which seems so simple, and joyous, and natural, and longs for its gladness, its serenity. But though wrapped in anxiety and poignant sorrow we, too, may bow our heads in thankfulness to Him whose glorious resurrection has made "No separation" possible.

Therefore with those saints of old we rejoice in the words of St. Augustine: "We do in this Feast not only call to mind the history of our Saviour's resurrection, but also celebrate the mystery of our own," and, in a glad hope and expectation of meeting again our loved and lost, we give once more to Easter the old and beautiful name of Joy Sunday.



Constantinople.

AN UNPRINCIPLED FLIRT

By

MARGARET PEDLER

MRS. FORDE-BROWN was "at home," and the clinking of delicate china mingled with the murmur of feminine voices. Outside, the dusk was closing in and the rain falling in torrents; but within, the crackle of a cheery fire and the radiance of warmed lamps bade defiance to the melancholy aspect of the weather. The topic of conversation amongst Mrs. Forde-Brown's guests was undoubtedly one of absorbing interest, for gradually the women's voices rose high and shrill, and a certain acrid quality entered into their remarks. At last Lady Courtenay, the acknowledged great lady of Dainborough, compressed the consensus of public opinion into a single phrase.

"There is no doubt," she said solemnly, "that Miss Nepean is an unprincipled flirt."

She set down her cup on the nearest table with an air of finality, and a little shudder of well-bred disgust ran round the room.

"Do you really think so, dear Lady Courtenay?" gushed Rose Merrydew, whose pose was that of the most charitable woman in the town.

"Do I think so, Miss Merrydew?" retorted her ladyship. "No, I don't *think*—I *know* it. Consider. The young woman has been two years in Dainborough—with no adequate chaperon, for that invalid mother of hers cannot count as such. During that time she has drawn at least three or four of the young men of our society here into paying her attention, and after flirting openly with them she has declined their proposals of marriage—whereas, considering her poor circumstances, she should have been only too proud to accept any one of them. And to my certain knowledge there are two engagements now broken off, which, had it not been for the odious wiles of this—this accomplished coquette, would ere now have terminated in matrimony."

Her ladyship's keen eyes swept the room,

and the crimsoning faces of two of the party at once betrayed which were the ladies who had been so worsted by the redoubtable Miss Nepean.

"Lady Courtenay is right as usual," purred Mrs. Forde-Brown. "I quite agree that it was a sad day for the Dainborough girls when Betty Nepean came into the town."

Mrs. Forde-Brown was an officer's widow, on the look out (so ran the gossip) for a successor to the defunct major. Perhaps some personal considerations added warmth to her remarks.

"And now," pursued Lady Courtenay firmly, "matters are coming to a crisis. She has even had the—the audacity to set her cap at Sir Kenneth Fordyce!"

A gasp of amazement greeted this announcement.

"It is perfectly true," proceeded her ladyship. "How long is it since Sir Kenneth returned from abroad?"

"A month," came in feminine chorus.

"Precisely—just a month. And I believe, dear Mrs. Brabazon, that *before* his departure he had been paying attention—marked attention—to your daughter?"

Mrs. Brabazon, a little woman with fair hair and a once-pretty face whose wrinkles were concealed by judicious rouge and powder, smiled and bridled.

"Well, Lady Courtenay, I hardly thought anyone in our little world suspected. But, indeed, yes—there *was* an understanding between Sir Kenneth and my Isabel. And—well, now that so many of us *are* together—such good friends as we all are—I may as well announce to you that my daughter is engaged to Sir Kenneth since—since yesterday."

A chorus of exclamations and questions and congratulations was showered upon the speaker. Lady Courtenay alone seemed ill-prepared for the news.

THE QUIVER

"I am delighted to hear it," she said, somewhat acidly, "and I think you are most wise to make it public as soon as possible," looking straight at Mrs. Brabazon, who coloured uncomfortably beneath the scrutiny. "For I have seen the Nepean girl driving with Sir Kenneth in his dogcart *three times this week*, and I happen to know that he himself has promised to procure her an invitation to the Hunt Ball."

There was a petrified silence for a moment; then the chorus broke out anew.

"The Hunt Ball!"

"Betty Nepean!"

"Why, she's an outsider!"

"And who, pray," inquired Mrs. Brabazon cuttingly, "will undertake the task of chaperoning Betty Nepean?"

"Indeed," said Lady Courtenay, pleased at the success of her flank attack, "indeed, dear Mrs. Brabazon, you may well ask. Quite possibly," she continued, not noticing that the door was open and that Mrs. Forde-Brown's trim parlourmaid was ushering in yet another caller, "quite possibly a young woman of Miss Nepean's original notions with regard to *les convenances* may regard a chaperon as an unnecessary evil."

"Miss Nepean," announced the maid-servant imperturbably.

There was a silence, complete and absolute, while the new-comer moved slowly towards her hostess. She was a remarkably pretty young woman, small and slim, with tawny hair escaping in rebellious curls from underneath her hat, and a pair of big blue eyes that, at this moment, smiled defiance at the great lady of Dainborough.

"How d'you do, Mrs. Forde-Brown?" she said coolly. "My mother regrets she was not feeling well enough to call with me to-day. Good afternoon, Lady Courtenay."

"How d'you do, Miss Nepean?" replied her ladyship, in no wise disconcerted. "I was just saying that I hear we are to have the pleasure of seeing you at the Hunt Ball, and wondering if anyone had offered to chaperon you—as I know the late hours would be too much for your dear mother."

"They would, indeed; my mother does not go out at all. But as I owe my invitation to Sir Kenneth Fordyce, perhaps"—Betty's blue eyes twinkled—"perhaps, if I ask him, he would also procure me a chaperon."

The audacity of the proposal bereft her

ladyship of speech, but Mrs. Brabazon rose undaunted to the occasion.

"Then," she said sweetly—too sweetly, "I expect the onerous duty will fall to me."

"To you?" queried Miss Nepean.

"Yes; nothing could be more natural than that I should be asked to undertake it. Ah! but of course you have not heard—Sir Kenneth is engaged to my dear Isabel."

It was a master-stroke. For one minute Betty's eyes grew wide and frightened, and all the colour drained away from her pretty face. Then she pulled herself together.

"I had not heard," she said quietly. "I must offer you my congratulations."

"Thank you—yes, of course, I am delighted. It is an old affair—since before he went abroad; and all Dainborough was expecting it. But you are comparatively a new-comer, you see, and so, naturally, you had not heard."

At this moment "Sir Kenneth Fordyce" was announced.

Mrs. Brabazon looked startled, then smiled amiably round as Mrs. Forde-Brown was heard politely mingling congratulations with her welcome.

"My engagement?" said Sir Kenneth, in a puzzled tone.

Mrs. Brabazon rustled towards him and laid a delicately gloved hand upon his arm.

"Yes, dear Sir Kenneth; these good people have surprised me into acknowledging your engagement to my daughter. You see," meeting his eyes determinedly, "the understanding between you is no longer a secret from our little world."

Sir Kenneth gave her one quick glance and then accepted the publication of his engagement with apparently good grace.

A few minutes later he was standing beside Miss Nepean, listening to the last congratulations he was to receive that afternoon.

"I had no idea," she was saying pleasantly, "but then I am a new-comer to Dainborough and knew nothing of the—prelude."

"No, of course not," said Fordyce abruptly; "but I'll explain it all to you later, Betty."

The girl flushed scarlet and held her dainty head a little more proudly than usual.

"Explain? I don't understand you," she answered.



"Out from among the . . . dancers broke Betty Nepzan, and clutched the arm of the man in pink. 'Is he killed?' she asked"—p. 589.

Drawn by
Balfour Salmon.

THE QUIVER

Fordyce groaned beneath his breath. Then he said gently :

"No, I dare say you don't. But you shall, some day."

Unfortunately, however, the only explanation that took place occurred between Sir Kenneth and Mrs. Brabazon. Fordyce, very white and stern, stood before her in her little scented boudoir.

"Now, Mrs. Brabazon," he said, "perhaps you will kindly explain the meaning of this afternoon's—entertainment?"

Mrs. Brabazon hesitated a moment, then answered quietly :

"It means, Sir Kenneth, that before you went abroad you paid my daughter marked attention, that her name has been coupled with yours, and that, although she has no father to ask what your intentions are, she has a mother who will not see her daughter slighted."

"Possibly I did pay your daughter some little attention several years ago—before I left England. I think, however, you cannot hold me to the engagement you so kindly announced on my behalf this afternoon."

"I think I can," retorted Mrs. Brabazon. "There were—letters."

Fordyce bit his lip.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Brabazon placidly. "In them you spoke not only of love, but of matrimony—a much more serious thing. Don't you think you had better abide by this afternoon's announcement?"

There was a long silence. Then Fordyce spoke.

"You are a very clever woman, Mrs. Brabazon. I remember I *was* fool enough to write some letters to Isabel, and I see you intend to hold me to them. Perhaps, however, if Isabel knows that my affections are engaged elsewhere, she will release me."

Mrs. Brabazon produced a lace handkerchief and applied it delicately to her eyes.

"The child loves you," she murmured. "Do you want to break her heart?"

"Oh, this is awful!" groaned Fordyce desperately.

"And—and after this afternoon, consider what her position would be if you refused to acknowledge the engagement."

"Who is to blame for that?" demanded Fordyce sternly.

Mrs. Brabazon sobbed artistically.

"I may have been wrong," she faltered, "but when I heard that detestable Nepean

girl declaring that she had—had 'bowed you over as easily as any other ninepin,' why—why, thinking you still cared for Isabel, I felt bound to right you in the eyes of Dainborough."

"Stay!" cried Fordyce. "Did Miss Nepean say that?"

"Why, yes," answered Mrs. Brabazon innocently. "She is notoriously a flirt, and is always boasting of her conquests."

Fordyce paced the room in silence. Then he came to a standstill in front of Mrs. Brabazon.

"Will you let me see Isabel?" he said. "If she is willing to accept me as her husband, I will endeavour to make her happy."

Thus Mrs. Brabazon's scheme prospered almost beyond her highest hopes.



Several weeks had gone by since the announcement of Sir Kenneth Fordyce's engagement, and the excitement occasioned in Dainborough by the great news had flickered down to the usual amount of interest bestowed upon an engaged couple. Isabel Brabazon, a handsome, level-headed young woman, carried herself well as the future mistress of Fordyce Towers, and, wearing a very handsome engagement ring, dragged her fiancé unresistingly to all the winter gaieties of the little provincial town. They rode, drove, and danced together, and when the time drew near for the Hunt Ball, the Brabazons betook themselves to the Towers, where Mrs. Brabazon was all agog to play the part of hostess to a large party of Fordyce's friends from London, who were expected for the occasion.

Meanwhile, Betty Nepean had pursued her way apparently unruffled, riding and driving a great deal with Rendall Craig, the Master of the Dainborough Foxhounds, who was generally known as a woman-hater, and had been unsuccessfully angled for on behalf of their daughters by several of the match-making mothers of the neighbourhood. Perhaps Miss Nepean was a little paler than of yore; but her eyes were brighter, and she laughed and flirted more than ever, so that her pallor passed unnoticed. She had found someone to chaperon her at the Hunt Ball—a very charming widow, Mrs. Cardew, who was almost as much in bad odour with the charitable ladies of Dainborough as Betty herself, so that, as the widow laugh-

AN UNPRINCIPLED FLIRT

ingly remarked when they drove together to the Ball: "I'm eminently suited to chaperon you, my dear."

The Towers contingent was already there, but minus Sir Kenneth and two other men of the house-party; and gradually the information filtered through the hall that they had ridden out that morning to a distant meet of another pack, fully intending to return in time for their own Hunt Ball, and that they would probably make their appearance later on. Isabel looked somewhat glum as the evening wore on and her fiancé did not appear, for she had perforce reserved several dances for him, and, owing to his continued absence, had been compelled once or twice to join the ranks of the wall-flowers. Many were disappointed that night, for Sir Kenneth was a much-desired partner. Betty Nepean, alone of all his friends, seemed oblivious of his absence; but then her programme was always full, and as Rose Merrydew, sitting with her back to the wall, remarked to an equally partnerless friend:

"With such a thoroughgoing flirt as the Nepean girl, it isn't a case of one particular man—it's just any man she can attract."

And then—it all happened with a horrible suddenness—there was a clatter of galloping hoofs outside, and into the midst of the music and laughter and dancing came a man in mud-bespattered pink, white-faced and haggard, his eyes blinking in the glare of the lights. And soon, too soon, the evil news sped round—of a five-barred gate and a mare that rushed it, and caught her knees on the topmost bar; then a somersault of man and horse, and a toppling to earth with the man underneath—and the man was Fordyce.

Out from among the gay crowd of arrested dancers broke Betty Nepean, and clutched the arm of the man in pink.

"Is he killed?" she asked, and at the sound of her strained young voice the voluble anxiety of the Brabazons died into silence.

No, he was not killed, came the answer, but the doctors were with him, and it was feared he had injured his spine and would never walk again. In an instant the hubbub of cross-questioning once more arose, and Betty fled from it.

Three months had come and gone since the day of the Hunt Ball, and settled several

questions on their way. Fordyce was undoubtedly crippled, tied to a couch for the rest of his life, and his engagement was at an end. He had offered her freedom to Isabel, and she had greedily accepted it, for the rôle of nurse to a hopeless invalid did not appeal to her, and as Mrs. Brabazon very truly remarked, in the strict privacy of her boudoir:

"There are as good fish in the sea, my dear, as ever came out of it."

As for Fordyce, he faced the music—music of a tragic minor tone—with dogged pluck. Silently and alone he resigned himself to the inevitable, receiving no visitors excepting one or two men friends upon whom he could rely not to proffer futile condolences. One day, however, just as spring was merging into summer, a lady called at the Towers and inquired for Sir Kenneth, only to be informed by the butler that his master received no callers.

"Perhaps he would see me?" persisted the visitor. "Will you ask him? Say it is Miss Nepean."

The blue eyes were dangerously misty and pleading, and the staid butler relented so far as to say he would inquire whether his master would see her.

"Miss Nepean!" muttered Fordyce, and a flush mounted to his worn face. He hesitated, touching the books on the table at his side with nervous, unsteady fingers. Then he shook his head resolutely.

"No; tell her that I see—no one."

But the servant had scarcely reached the door before he stretched out an eager hand.

"Stay, Johnson. I'll—I'll see Miss Nepean."

Johnson smiled discreetly, and presently ushered the visitor into the room. The door closed behind her, and Betty stood gazing at the wreck of the man she had known so well for one short month.

"Well," he said, with a harsh inflection in his voice, "this is all that is left of me. Are you not glad that you escaped—even more easily and with less publicity than Isabel Brabazon?"

With a little cry she ran to him and kneeled beside his couch.

"Ken," she said brokenly, "my poor Ken!"

Wistfully he stroked her bowed head.

"Don't cry," he said kindly. "I'm not your Ken, or Isabel's Ken, or anyone else's

THE QUIVER

Ken now. But it's true enough you *did* 'bowl me over like any other ninepin.'"
He laughed bitterly.

Betty's eyes were questioning.

"What do you mean?" she asked. And when he had told her all that had occurred on the afternoon of Mrs. Forde-Brown's "at home," she took both his thin hands in hers and said quietly:

"It was all a lie, Ken, and I only flirted afterwards because I thought you—you had never cared."

Dainborough received a shock when the engagement between Sir Kenneth Fordyce and Betty Nepean was announced—for who would have expected that so notorious a flirt would be willing to spend the remainder of her life bound to a crippled husband?

"However," as Miss Merrydew observed, "to be mistress of Fordyce Towers at any price is a great step upward for a penniless girl like Betty Nepean."

But the criticism of the good ladies of Dainborough failed to rob Betty of her happiness, which was more than doubled when, some three years later, a great specialist, whom she had insisted that Kenneth should consult, gave it as his opinion that

with proper treatment Fordyce would recover from the effects of his accident—never to ride again, of course, but sufficiently to get about with the help of a stick, or the arm of the woman who loved him. Fordyce pooh-poohed the idea, for he had long ago given up all hope of recovery; but to please his wife he consented to try the suggested treatment. The result was infinitely more satisfactory than even the great doctor had dared to anticipate, and at the end of another eighteen months Sir Kenneth was able to throw aside his crutches for ever.

So fled the only shadow that had darkened Betty's wedded happiness. And later on a further joy was added, for the Stork flew over Fordyce Towers, and a little son came to gladden and rule the house.

Isabel Brabazon, despite her mother's untiring generalship, failed to achieve matrimony, and privately she bitterly regretted the selfish haste with which she had dissolved her engagement. For she realised that sometimes faithfulness and love reap their reward, even in this workaday world of ours—just as they invariably did in the fairy stories of our youth.



STRONG LOVE

I CAME to you with just a tender flower,
A pale pink rosebud by the rain laid low;
You flung it where it faded in an hour—
How could you hurt Love so?

I came to you with many a sparkling tear,
Strung upon life's strong cord of crimson glow;
You took them with a thinly veiled sneer—
How could you hurt Love so?

I came to you with Faith's most precious pearl,
A pendant on your heart to purely show;
You lost it in mad Fashion's giddy whirl—
How could you hurt Love so?

I gave you, oh, beloved, all my best!
Whether you saw and cared, or scorned to know—
I pray that some day you may seek to rest
On Love that you hurt so!

ELLA E. WALTERS.

SHAKESPEARE AND RELIGION

By

Sir SIDNEY LEE

On April 23 we celebrate the tercentenary of William Shakespeare's death. For three hundred years the name and fame of our greatest poet has grown. It is fitting to be reminded that he was not only a great poet, a typical Englishman—but a Christian.

I
“IN the name of God, Amen! I, William Shackspeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the countie of Warwick, gent., in perfect health and memorie, God be praised, doe make and ordayne this my last will and testament in manner and forme followeing, that ys to saye, First, I comend my soul into the handes of God my Creator, hoping and assuredlie beleiving, through th'onelie merities of Jesus Christe my Saviour, to be made partaker of lyfe everlasting, and my bodye to the earth whereof yt ys made.”

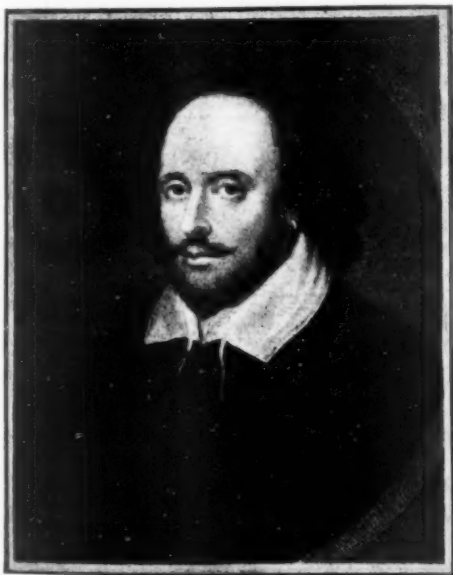
Such are the opening sentences of Shakespeare's will, which he signed at New Place, his residence in Stratford-on-Avon, some month before his death there on April 23, 1616. The phraseology follows a common testamentary formula, which takes more verbal shapes than one in the testamentary literature of the day. Some of Shakespeare's

actor-friends made rather more explicit mention in their wills of their confident hope in salvation and in “the clear remission and forgiveness of their sins” through “the merits of the Second Person Jesus Christ.”

On the other hand, Skakespeare's granddaughter, the only member of his family whose will is extant, confined her testamentary confession of faith to the single interjection, “Blessed be God!” But whatever allowance should be made for

the call of convention and the varying phases of expression, Shakespeare's testamentary exordium presents him in the personal light of a confessed Christian.

Complementary evidence abounds to prove him a conforming member of the Church of England. On April 26, 1564, a few days after his birth, he was duly baptised in the parish church of Stratford. Subsequently his three children submitted to the same rite in the



William Shakespeare.

The Chandos Portrait.

THE QUIVER

same place. He stood godfather to at least one of his neighbours' sons, also in Stratford Church; and both his parents were buried during his lifetime in the churchyard with all lawful ceremony. When he himself came to die he was accorded burial, not merely in the chancel of the church, but immediately before the altar. Within a few years, burying-places beside his grave were allotted to four near relatives—his widow, his elder daughter, her husband, and the first husband of the poet's granddaughter. Thus a row of five graves in front of the altar of Stratford Church conspicuously identifies to this day the religious faith of Shakespeare and his family with the Established Church of the country.

II

ALL the external evidence which is strictly contemporary points the one way. Nevertheless, nearly a century after Shakespeare's death, a Church of England clergyman, beneficed at Sapperton in the county of Gloucestershire, mysteriously noted, in some rough memoranda gathered in Warwickshire, that the dramatist "dyed a Papist." Can it be that Shakespeare on his death-bed renounced the religion in which he and his children were bred? Roman Catholic advocates have sought to confirm the irresponsible allegation from strained interpretations of passages in Shakespeare's plays, and his name has figured in a formidable list of Catholic converts which has circulated in Germany and elsewhere under high Catholic authority.

The belated rumour that the dramatist near his death abandoned the church of his baptism and burial is not merely irreconcilable with the ascertained facts of his biography, but it is inconsistent with his free assimilation of the phraseology of Protestant English Bible and Prayer Book in his writings, while no clear judicial vision can detect there signs of personal sympathy with an alien dogma.

III

THE language of the English Scriptures and the Prayer Book, which the Protestant Reformation sanctioned, fused itself with Shakespeare's thought. So complete was the assimilation that even his humor-

ous characters echo the religious terminology. Falstaff's lips are steeped in it, and no imputation of blasphemy can be fairly sustained. "If to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved," he argues, without genuine offence, in excuse of his corpulence (1 *Henry IV.*, II. iv. 520-1). When the giant humorist grows degenerate in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, the habit of free Scriptural reminiscence still clings to him so naturally as to win pardon. "In the shape of man, Master Brook" (he says, combining allusions to two separate texts), "I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam, because I know also life is a shuttle" (*Merry Wives*, V. i. 23-5). But more significant are Shakespeare's citations from the Bible when he seeks to invest his dramatic speech with exceptional solemnity. St. Paul's protestation "I die daily" is reverently repeated by Macduff when describing his friend Prince Malcolm's saintly mother:

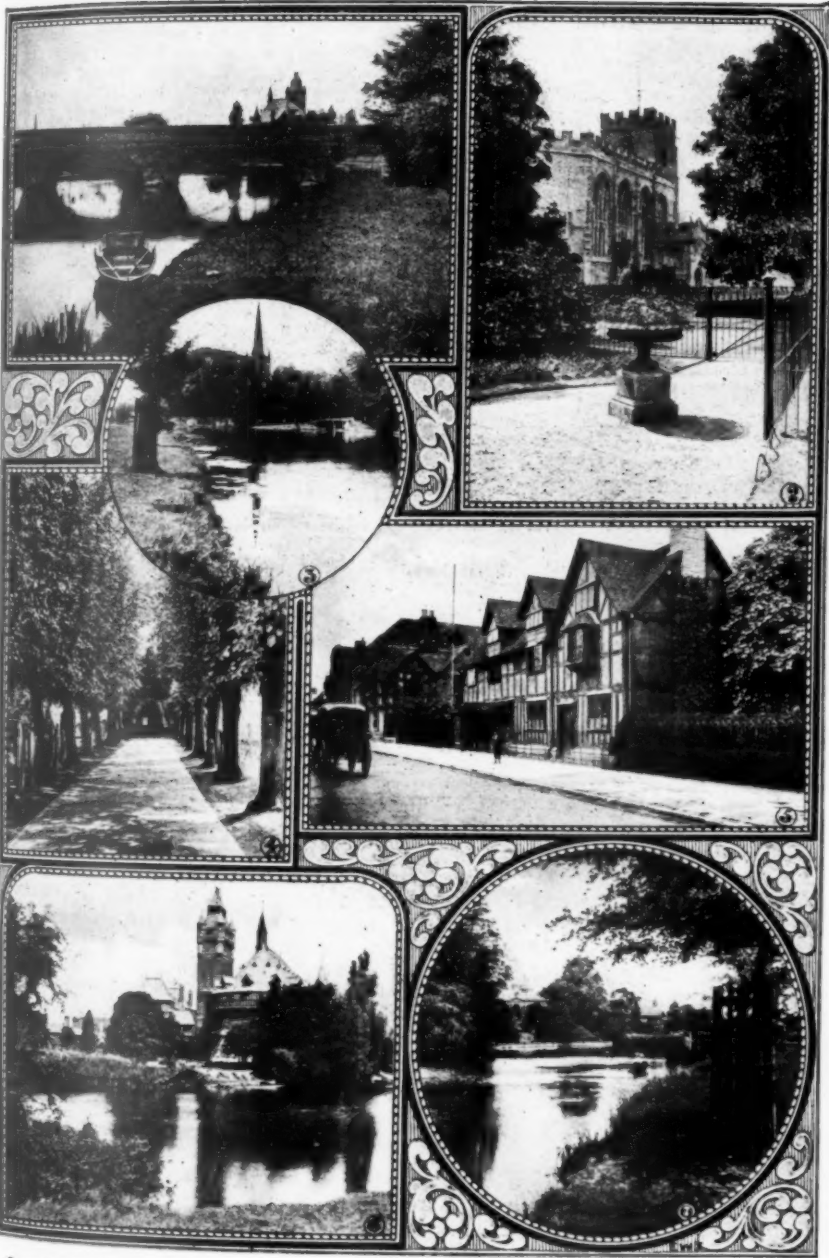
The queen that bore thee,
Often upon her knees than on her feet,
Ied every day she lived.

Macbeth, IV. iii. 109-11.

Even more characteristic of Shakespeare's indebtedness in his serious mood to Scriptural suggestion is the familiar opening line of Portia's great oration on mercy: "It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven." Here Shakespeare bore in mind two verses of sacred origin. "O how fair a thing is mercy; it is like a cloud of rain," comes from the apocryphal *Ecclesiasticus* (xxxv. 20); and "My doctrine shall drop as the rain, as the shower upon the herbs," figures in *Deuteronomy* (xxxii. 2).

IV

IT is perilous to appeal to Shakespeare's plays for any well-co-ordinated evidence of his personal sentiments or beliefs concerning religion, or, indeed, other matters. His dramatic faculty enabled him to present and interpret with graphic veracity all manner of sentiments and beliefs, as well as all manner of emotions. One can easily cite detached passages in support of spiritual propositions which contradict one another point-blank. The sceptic speaks convincingly in *Hamlet's* familiar words:



Scenes in Shakespeare's
Native Town.

Photos by
E. W. Jackson.

- (1) Clopton Bridge. (2) The Guild Chapel. (3) Holy Trinity Church. (4) Lime Avenue and Entrance to Holy Trinity Church. (5) Shakespeare's Birthplace. (6) The Shakespeare Memorial. (7) Avonbank.

THE QUIVER

The dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will.
Hamlet, III. i. 78-80.

A more comprehensive phase of doubt
is approved in Hector's apophthegm:

Modest doubt is called
The beacon of the wise.
Troilus and Cressida, II. ii. 15-16.

Yet how different a note is sounded by
King Henry IV. when he describes
Palestine as—

Those holy fields,
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
Henry IV., I. i. 24-7.

While another of Shakespeare's kings,
Richard II., finds in the certainties of
religion consolation for all earthly suffering,
and he dies with the prayer on his
lips:

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high,
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downwards, here to
die.
Richard II., V. v. 112-13.

It follows that no critical chemistry
can isolate with complete confidence the
dramatist's private and personal opinions
or convictions from the opinions and con-
victions which he assigns to his dramatic
creations.

At the same time, no observant student
can deny the prominent place which
religion fills in Shakespeare's dramatic
world. The inference is irresistible that
Shakespeare's mind realised to the full
the influence which religious faith and
worship exert on human affairs. The
precise extent to which he shared the
varying spiritual experiences of his dra-
matic characters may prove beyond
critical power to determine. It is futile
to inquire whether he himself cherished
Hamlet's agnostic questionings or Rich-
ard II.'s instinctive piety and religiosity.
Yet very real was his concern with re-
ligion as it works in the hearts and minds
of humanity at large.

The dogmatic aspects of religion are,
for Shakespeare, matters of history, and
no personal bias can be detected in his
dramatic presentment of them. Nowhere
are his words those of a sectarian propa-

gandist. If in *King John* the historical
circumstance of the piece requires him
to voice dramatically the Papal claim to
the dominion of England, he balances the
Roman pretension with a bold assertion
of the national title to independence of
all foreign sway. The friar Laurence in
Romeo and Juliet, while he is loyal to his
monastic vows, breathes the universal
spirit of religious beneficence, and is
never an explicit champion of monas-
ticism. Shakespeare's work, when it
is studied justly and comprehensively, is
free of partisan colouring.

Impatience with extreme doctrine,
whether of Papal or of Puritan sanction,
is at times discernible. Shakespeare as
dramatist writes with disdain alike of
the Puritan who is overmuch "given to
prayer," and of the Romish priest who
worships temporal power and wealth.

Nor does the dramatic poet overlook the
perversions and abuses to which religion
is always liable. The sanctimonious hypo-
crite is more than once exposed in the
plays. King Richard III., Hamlet's uncle
Claudius, even the seducer Angelo—all seek
in prayer sanction for their villainies.
Very often does Shakespeare illustrate
his own Antonio's dictum:

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose
Merchant of Venice, I. iii. 99.

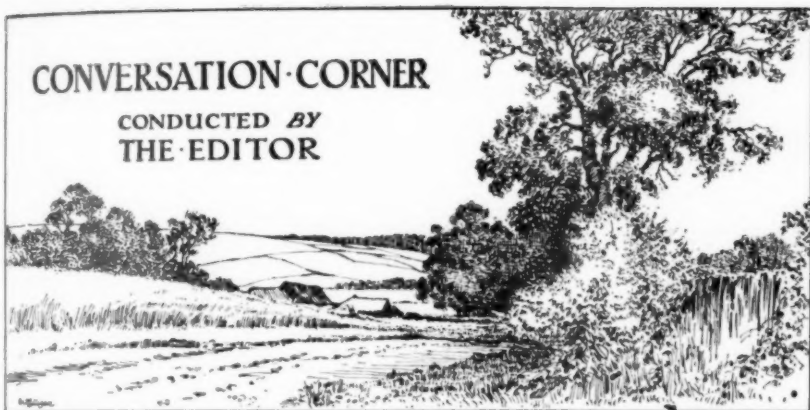
Yet Shakespeare always acknowledges
in true religion a humanising and purify-
ing force of life. His ideal hero, Henry V.,
never overlooks his duty to God. There
is nothing mawkish in the soldier-king's
constant professions of reliance on divine
aid in the great crises of his military
career. Very impressive is the manly
tone with which he briefly assigns to
Heaven his crowning victory at Agin-
court:

O God, Thy arm was here;
And not to us, but to Thy arm alone
Ascribe we all.
Henry V., IV. viii. 111-13.

Henry V.'s many prayers are all couched
by the dramatist in the same simply sin-
cere key. Probably in them the student
comes, as near in the plays as he may
hope, to a personal confession of Shake-
speare's faith.

CONVERSATION CORNER

CONDUCTED BY
THE EDITOR



Have you Noticed it ?

AS I take up my pen to write this monthly letter to my readers, the light is just fading on another spring day. There is a witchery about sunset in spring, a charm which does not obtain at the end of a summer's day. Even around my little office, in the heart of the City, the birds are twittering, and out in the gardens and hedges—not so far from the City nowadays—the dry twigs are bursting into bud, Nature is stirring in a thousand ways. Have you noticed it this year? Have you had time to listen to the song of the birds this spring? Or have you been too busy with the multiplied activities of war-time, or too full of worrying thoughts, to pay heed to the miracles around? Most writers, in the Press and on the hoardings, are calling people to action nowadays. We are asked to work, organise, co-ordinate, economise, fight as we have never done before—and we as a nation needed full well the great trumpet call to be up and bestir ourselves. But just now I am wondering if there is not some danger of energy out-working itself.

Not "Slackers"

I DO not think my readers, as a class, are "slackers." In the ordinary way most of them are busily engaged in a multitude of affairs—none the less consuming because, in many cases, a fair proportion of them are of the social, voluntary kind. The war has added to such labours tremendously, and with it there is the personal anxiety and heart-ache of those

whose loved ones are in danger, and the indefinite but very real nerve-strain felt by all of us. We are living at a tension. Now we know that great things can be accomplished in times of stress: the process of "whipping up" will bring unrealised reserves into action. But work at high pressure cannot go on indefinitely. It produces staleness, friction, breakdown. Therefore I think I am justified, even in this time of stress, in putting in a little plea for the relaxing of the muscles of the body and the tension of the mind.

The Woman who Pays

THE article on another page by Mr. A. C. Marshall, on "The Woman who Pays," will excite general interest. We have heard a great deal about the splendid way in which the women of the nation have risen to the emergency, and it is only right that the cost of their so doing should be realised and appreciated. It seems to me that there is a grave danger of zeal defeating itself in connection with women war workers. It has been proved again and again in industrial work that too long hours do not pay. Particularly it has been demonstrated that work for seven days a week is a mistake. The institution of the Sabbath was not an arbitrary fiat of Divinity, it is a natural and economic necessity. For women especially, I put in an urgent plea that this present crisis may not be allowed to ruin the worker in the attempt to hasten the work. A little change is good for work, a little rest the best of economics.

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Wasting Time

BUT I was not thinking exclusively of the "working" classes in putting in a plea for leisure. Most of us would be all the better for an enforced change now and then. I am amazed again and again at the sheer waste of time of many very busy people I come into contact with. Here is a woman on a dozen committees, attempting ineffectually to keep her hands on a dozen threads. She hurries, gets flurried, goes over the same ground again and again, makes mistakes, creates friction, and generally "muddles through" half as much work in twice the time. Of course, this may be an exaggerated instance, but it is not a solitary one, by any means, as most of my readers can testify!



Spending One's Leisure

GRANTED the need for a break in the day's work, how shall it be spent? Two of the really busiest people I know have the gift of snatching a few moments' sleep at any time or place, and resuming their work much refreshed. It is a gift which cannot always be cultivated, though I am told by doctors that most women would be better for a doze in the afternoon. I suppose it is useless recommending "meditation," following the line of the old-time saints and the modern Quakers. But I might put in a word for reading. I know about the woman who exchanges three books every day or so at the Circulating Library: reading of that order is as much a vice as drinking, though not so intoxicating. But books decently chosen and properly read are a real relaxation, simply invaluable in times like these. How little we appreciate our privileges until they are threatened! Now that the fiat has gone forth, and we are told that the consumption of paper, and the making of books, must be radically lessened—the while that the making of beer goes merrily along—it is time that we pointed out our great indebtedness to the food of the mind and the relaxation of the spirit that reading affords. Certainly reading is the easiest, quickest, and cheapest way of turning the mind off the business and anxieties of the day, and refreshing the spirit whilst resting the body. In spite of the increased cost of books, Shakespeare and Milton,

Dickens and Brontë, are still to be obtained at less than the cost of a theatre ticket, and they and the like constitute treasure too often lightly esteemed. Break up your work, listen to the song of the birds, let the call of the spring enter your soul, make time for your reading and recreation, and you will find that you will return to the daily round with a broader perspective and with increased power. Your toil will be more productive as your spirit is fresher and your mind more elastic.

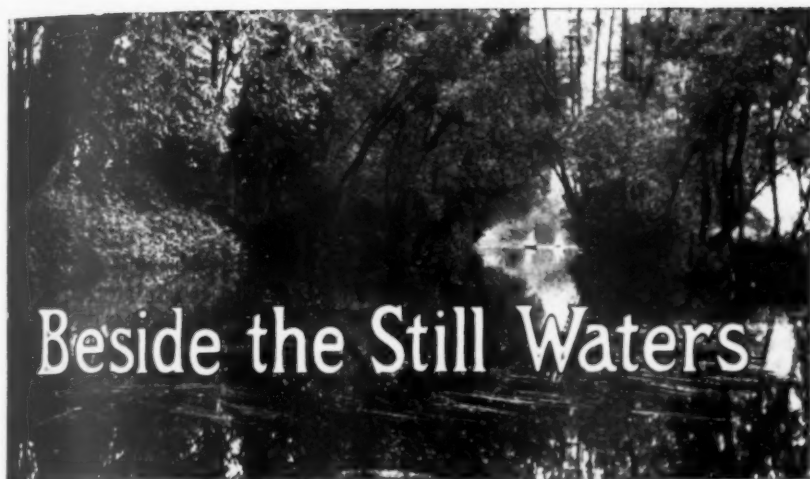
"The Quiver"

READERS will have heard a good deal, before these lines appear, about economy in paper and the restricting of output. We have had slightly to reduce the number of pages in this issue, but I am looking to two methods of saving paper that should help us materially to meet the new conditions—(1) the dropping of leadlets, etc., advertising the magazine, and (2) the lessening of "returns." In both these directions I must rely upon the help of readers. If we issue no "publicity matter" to call attention to the magazine, we can only rely upon the good offices of readers in keeping up the circulation—which is the life-blood of a magazine. Then, too, "returns" are caused by booksellers not knowing how many copies of the magazine will be required by their customers, and having therefore to take copies for customers who may or may not come along. The cost of producing these spare copies, sending them out—and sending them back to the publisher—is a considerable one, and involves the use of paper which might be much more profitably employed. Readers can entirely obviate this waste if they will give an order to their newsagent or bookseller for the regular supply of the magazine "until stopped." In this way, too, they will ensure getting their copies promptly.



Chivalry Number

MY May issue will be a special "Chivalry Number." Mr. A. C. Benson will write on "St. George," the Rev. J. D. Jones, M.A., D.D., on "Sir Galahad," Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell on "The Greatest Prize in the World," and Dr. Chas. Brown on "The Modern Call to Knighthood."



Beside the Still Waters

A Psalm in the Night

THE night is long, but long Thy mercies
are;

*The night is dark, but oh, Thy face is bright!
Through heavy clouds Thy love breaks like a
star,*

And lays a benediction on the night.

*The weary watches lose their weariness
As I take thought—too tardy thought—of
Thee,*

*And all the dreary burdens that oppress,
Thy pity lifts, and leaves my spirit free.*

*How good Thou art, unutterably kind!
How patient, endless-patient with Thy
child!*

*And I to all Thy loveliness how blind,
Against Thy waiting pureness how defiled!*

*Amid these friendly darknesses I creep
Ashamed and worn to Thine enfolding arms;
Thy pardon gathers round me like a sleep,
Thy tender broodings comfort my alarms.*

*The day is coming. What it coldly brings
I know not, and no longer do I care.
Deep in my heart my Father's blessing sings,
And all His nights, and all His days, are
fair.*

AMOS R. WELLS.

The Plodders

THEY were prising a lid off a box, and found that an old hatchet did the work very well, in spite of its being merely a cast-off tool that they had thought useless.

"Did just as well as my sharp, new one

would have done," commented Bob, with a laugh, as he ran a finger along the dull edge.

"Yes, it shows that we dull chaps are of some use in the world," said the other, with a droll little smile. He was a plodder, considered dull and slow beside the more brilliant members of his family. Yet somehow when one wanted certain things done, and done well, slow John was the one to whom they were most often entrusted. He couldn't do the quick, brilliant feats; they were Bob's forte. But he could plod along faithfully all day at a thing that did not need any hurry, and bring it in beautifully done when finished.

The plodders really have no cause to envy the swift, showy, brilliant ones. Neither could they do the work nor fill the place of the others. The light-moving, quick-witted one would fret at the plodder's tasks like a high-spirited roadster harnessed to a plough. He would wear himself out in a hurry and worry, where deliberation and placidity were needed most.

On the other hand, put the slow, painstaking fellow in the place where quick thought and action, combined with skill, are needed. It would be the plough horse urged to show the roadster's paces. He couldn't do it, and he, too, would waste time and energy in the effort.

Each to his place and work; for there is a place and work for each which the other could not fill or do. Each content with his own abilities; for they have been given him by God. Each doing his best at his own task; so is the world's work best done, and the workers most useful and happy.

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"What are we here for?"

A GOOD man with a multitude of cares of his own had been most kind to a neighbouring family visited by alarming illness. When a member of the family attempted to express appreciation of his kind ministrations, saying, "We know not how to thank you for what you have done for us," the good man replied in tones of surprise, "Why, what are we here for?"

Sure enough, what are we here for? Is it to be so occupied with chasing after troubles of our own that we have no time to help a brother ward off the hounds of disaster that are setting upon him? Is it to be so intent upon buttering our own slice of bread often, even adding jam, that we fail to observe our neighbour's butterless crust? Is it to refuse the plea of the needy because we "have worked hard for what we've got and have a right to keep it"? Thank God, this is not the general attitude.

Are we not here to "get the most out of life"? Unquestionably we are, and happy is he who knows how to do it. The trouble is that most of us set about the quest in the wrong way. We fail to recognise the fact that it is in helping up the ascent our heavily-laden neighbour that we get the hilltop inspiration; that many of life's hard lessons are most easily learned in the practice of heaping coals of fire, of going the second mile, of meeting wrath with the soft answer and forgetting the injury. We fail to see that the unsympathetic road is the lonely road, the selfish path the thorny path to travel. We often close our eyes to the evidence that bread cast upon the waters returns; that kindnesses born of love warm the doer's heart as no "good luck" can warm it; that the good Samaritan never lacks for gratitude from those he has succoured, and that the gift of sympathy outranks the money gift.

What are we here for? To lend the listening ear and the helping hand; to speak the word of cheer and faith and trust to the discouraged; to walk beside the lonely; to steady the stumbling and lift the fallen; to forget self in the interest of those who need us most.—JOSEPHINE E. TOAL.



Finding Diamonds in the Mud

IT was John Ruskin, the apostle of beauty, who pointed out that the black slime of the gutter has in it the same substance as the finest diamond. It is only a difference

of condition. The expert chemist can take this slime and by wonderful processes, known only to the scientist, transform it into crystals that reflect and refract the rays of the sun in marvellous colours.

Is it not also a mark of genius in men and women to be able to take the unpleasant things that come to them and to transform them by the alchemy of their generous souls into things of beauty?

An unusual story has recently come to light through a provincial daily which reflects this brand of genius. It is the story of a poor woman of the slums who had been able, through her happy attitude of spirit, to transform the dark world that was her inheritance into a veritable paradise of friendliness and beauty. Here is the story, as told by the daily paper:

"She is blind and halt and bent. She feels her timid way along the pavements with a stick, and carries a tray of pencils and a tin cup in which purchasers cast their money. She carries, too, a cheerful countenance. The other day she heard a passer-by exclaim, 'Poor woman!' 'No,' she replied, 'I am a rich woman, rich in happiness, for I come into contact with only the kindness of the world.'"

What a genius was hers, to be blind to all but the bright and happy side of life. Deprived though she was of the vision of the beautiful things of the natural world—the green grass, the varicoloured flowers, the wide-spreading trees, the blue sky—yet she was able, through this "sixth sense" of a happy heart, to perceive all about her a wealth of kindness and love. What a rebuke to those of us who are fairly glutted with luxuries and the beautiful things of life!

A rare alchemist is she, transforming the evil conditions of her lot by her inward eye of beauty into the only kind of wealth that counts, the wealth of heart and soul! The darkness and gloom of existence in which she found herself have been transmuted into the diamonds of happy thoughts.—THOMAS CURTIS CLARK.



Do not Fear

"I AM afraid to try it. I might fail," is a poor excuse for allowing to go by any good chance to do something worth while. The one who does not try is sure to fail. Trying may result in failure, to be sure; but one never knows what splendid success it may bring, unless one does try.



WHAT SHALL WE PRAY ?

By

ANNE BRYAN McCALL

In a recent article, entitled "Under the Shadow of His Wings," the intercessory side of prayer was touched on. Mrs. McCall, in this article, emphasises a truth equally valuable and often lost sight of. I invite the opinions of readers on the two sides of the question of prayer.

THERE is one subject that comes up rather often for discussion, and I have frequently been asked very direct questions about it: "Do you believe God answers prayers? I have prayed and prayed, but it has been of no use." And one high-hearted girl of old Puritan stock writes me: "Shall we or shall we not pray? I am going to tell you frankly that I think most of our prayers are either cowardly or selfish. This is the way I feel about it; but I wish you would tell me—am I right?"

Less Begging

I hope none of you will be shocked when I say that I believe that as we know life deeper and better we pray less and less. When I say this I am thinking of prayer in the generally accepted usage of the word—as entreaty.

Nor have I arrived at this opinion through prejudice. I was brought up to all the old prayerful traditions. I can remember how in my childhood I used to pray for all those things I greatly desired; and I remember with a kind of wonder and reverence the passion of desire and longing I put into my petitions.

I used to pray night and morning, of course, the usual and daily prayers, and which by repetition soon became, as they were bound to do, more or less formal. I am afraid, really, that they often amounted to a mere string of words that I could say with formal reverence enough, even while fixing my attention on something else. The Lord's Prayer I said night and morning. To this was added at night the "Now I

lay me," the twenty-third Psalm, and a little rhymed prayer which I had promised my governess to say every night.

But these were all of them forms, at best. The real business of prayer—from my childish standpoint, I mean—followed on these shallower repetitions when I got out into the depths of my own very personal needs and desires. Here I did indeed pray. I can still feel my forehead pressing tight on my clasped hands, and my eyes shut tight, tight while I prayed with intensity for the thing I wanted, needed, nay, must, must have.

The Prayers of Childhood

They were a strange and motley set of prayers, ranging from a petition for a hat with ribbon "streamers" behind, to passionate entreaties to be made an obedient and good child; from earnest petitions that the Lord would, in His own good time, make my nose a trifle longer (for it had the least tendency to tilt up, and it seemed to me my happiness could not, simply could not, endure anything less than the dignity of a straight and Grecian nose), to really passionate demands that my temper be mended and my faults be wiped away.

The chubby little pictures of me that remain from that time entirely discountenance the idea that I was in any way nervous or morbid or ascetic, yet I remember leaving my task or my play many a time when some desire for this or that came suddenly to me, to run up to the old attic and get down on my knees and pray for the thing I so much desired.

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Moreover, I had a kind of intimate childish friendship with the Almighty, to whom these prayers were addressed, that I like to remember. I had none of those dreadful and morbid fears of future punishment with which some children's minds were tormented, and their bodies and nerves harmed. It was enough for me to know that when I did what I knew was wrong I had failed toward One who loved me, and that His face was turned from me in sorrow.

For the rest, I loved Him and believed in Him. When I took my personal petitions to Him, I left off all formality, indeed I did. I addressed Him direct: "Dear Father," "Dear Lord," and the prayer I said oftenest and most intensely, and I am far from being ashamed of it, was this: "Dear Lord, you *must* make me good! I *have* to be good! And you must help me! Please!"

That was, I suppose, without doubt, the best prayer I ever prayed. But I must not be misleading. I must admit that the large majority of my prayers were particular petitions for particular personal favours. Unfortunately, this is true of most of us. We want something for ourselves. We want some law or event or consistent and logical happening set aside, so that we may have our desire. We want some exception made in our favour.

Growing Up Spiritually

All this is natural, and I doubt not it is even quite as it should be in young children. It may even persist without harm, perhaps, into our early teens; but then, if we are indeed "growing up" not merely physically but spiritually, the personal petitions drop away from us more and more; we ask fewer gifts of God. We even become in time a little ashamed of such personalities. We pray less for event and circumstance, and more for spiritual qualities. We pray not to have just results averted, for our sakes; we pray, instead, for courage to endure what it is just and right we should endure. We do not go on and on making mistakes, and then praying to have them miraculously set straight; we pray, rather, for better insight, more wisdom, that our mistakes may be fewer, and that the harm we do may be less and less, and the good more and more. We do not pray passionately to have wiped away the evil and suffering

our selfishness and our dishonour have done and caused; rather we set about eagerly undoing the harm, as best we can, making amends as best we may, quickly, oh, quickly, for the time is short.

It is, I think, a sad commentary on our praying that to some of us the idea that resolve and determination are prayer—and prayer of a noble kind—is somewhat new, a little surprising; whereas the idea of prayer as petition is familiar to us all, and entreaty, supplication are practically synonyms for it.

But this larger attitude toward prayer is the one to which we come in later years; to which we come, that is, if not merely our bodies, but our hearts and minds and spirits are growing things.

"Prayer in All Action"

Let us read carefully these words of a great and good man: "Prayer that craves a particular commodity—anything less than all good—is vicious. . . . Prayer as a means to effect a private end is theft and meanness. . . . As soon as the man is at one with God he will not beg. He will then see prayer in all action. The prayer of the farmer, kneeling in the field to weed it, the prayer of the rower, kneeling with the stroke of his oar, are true prayers heard throughout nature."

When I first read that, it was as though on a road which I believed to be the right road—but of which I was not wholly sure—I had met one who knew; one who was familiar with every step of it, and whom I could trust.

The idea of true prayer being action is, I think, a beautiful one. Here, too, you see, is prayer that cannot fail, prayer which is always "answered." Here is no mere blind, passionate entreaty. Here is clear and truthful asking, and receiving what in just measure it is honourable and right to receive. Even those humble actions of the farmer and the rower, the one weeding, the other brushing the waters back with the strength of his arm, are prayers inevitably answered. The seed planted and carefully tended grows to abundance—what better answer could you have than that to the desire to have it grow? And the rower, pushing on, and in this way honestly desiring and in a sense asking to arrive, makes progress and comes to his destination at last.

WHAT SHALL WE PRAY?

No special favours pleaded, you see; no miraculous intervention desired or expected; no orderly and beautiful laws set aside; but, instead, that better and nobler thing, man praying by action; man working, as is his high privilege, along with the unalterable laws of God; man planting, watering, sure and never doubting that when he has done this God will give the increase.

After that I found this same thought either expressed in words or events in the lives of many great men. The idea became more and more familiar to me, and I began to look for it and expect it there where I knew nobility to be. The noble were indeed the prayerful in that sense; they were the active, not the petitional; the determined in noble causes, not the passively entreating; the actively just and honourable, not those for ever flinging themselves on the mercy of God; not those desiring with a great desire that the laws of God and nature be set aside, but those asking, rather (and by asking I mean now earnestly and actively trying), to understand the laws and fulfil them.

The Old Days and Now

There was a time when dread plagues and epidemics, for instance, swept along unhindered, carrying suffering and death to thousands. In those times, people hurried to the churches and prayed that the scourge

might be banished and the favour of God restored.

Nowadays, in dealing with all such matters, we do not repair to the churches to pray that such evils may be averted. Every day of our lives we fight disease by means of action, trusting not to petition but to resolve, and to difficult but firm determination to stamp out this enemy by every means in our power.

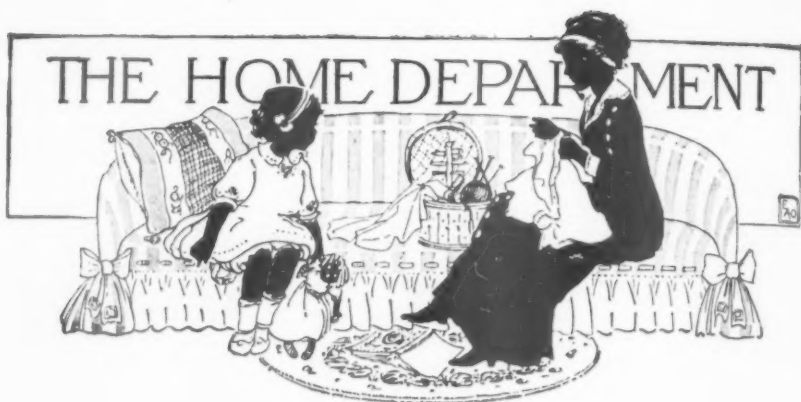
All this we admit willingly in such large matters as science and the scientific treatment of disease. Few indeed would be willing to-day to give up all sanitary and preventive and scientific methods and to rely, instead, on petitional prayers to stave off typhus or bubonic plague. But in our own lives we cling to the old methods, too many of us; and instead of preventive action make only prayerful petition that our faults, our selfishness, our weaknesses, and the unhappiness that follows may be annulled.

"He prayeth best who loveth best."

It seems to me that is an answer to our questioning. If we loved as we should, prayer would in all cases be noble action. There would be no selfishness, no dishonour to be annulled; no wretchedness and remorse to be wiped away. When we prayed, it would be that the good of others might come to pass, and our prayer should not be mere petition only, said from the lips, but unselfish action, stirred from the heart.



Photo: Hanning.



THE HOUSEWIFE AS LAUNDRESS

By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

IN the years preceding 1914—in fact, in pre-war times—I am afraid that the charge of having an unnecessarily large weekly laundry bill could quite truly be lodged against me. But with the rise in prices of foods, cleansing materials, and almost every other daily necessity caused by the war, it became my duty to go carefully through the housekeeping accounts and see where economy could best be effected. In most families it is the custom to wash such articles as handkerchiefs, stockings, doilies, kitchen cloths, and dusters at home, and, if this is not already the case, deleting them from the weekly laundry basket will make an appreciable difference in the bill. When planning further economies it is well to consider how the charges of the laundress compare with the amount of labour expended on the washing and getting-up of the articles, and whether special appliances or pieces of machinery have to be used to ensure success. For example, the price for washing a sheet is 4d. A sheet is a large, cumbersome article, which will practically monopolise the small copper found in the average private house, require a powerful mangle, two persons to fold, at least a quarter of an hour to iron, and the entire "maiden" for drying purposes. It is the same with a tablecloth, which costs but 3d. or 4d. at the laundry, and which would entail a great deal of labour and expenditure of time if attempted at home.

In comparison with the prices charged for these large articles, the 1d. or 1½d. charged for table-napkins, traycloths, face and bath towels, pillow cases, etc., are quite out of proportion, and whereas it is economy to send sheets and tablecloths to the laundry, many pounds per annum can be saved if the smaller articles are washed at home.

Not only is a saving effected in actual cost, but the handling they receive at home is far less rough and wearing, not to mention tearing, than they are subjected to at a laundry.

Many of my readers who have been accustomed to dispatch all the washing to a laundry will say that it is impossible to undertake the work at home, but if they will be patient and read on to the end, perhaps the seemingly impossible will be less alarming than at first thought.

The Importance of Sorting and Soaking

The housewife who sorts and washes on one and the same day is asking for trouble and discomfort in the form of hard work and sore hands. The sorting of the articles to be washed should always take place on the morning before the washing. Cotton and linen articles are separated from woollen ones, and the starched traycloths, dinner napkins, etc., are placed in a pile by themselves. Having sorted and arranged, the next duty is to prepare the soaking baths

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troubled by excessive acidity. The acid irritates and inflames the delicate lining of the stomach, and so causes pain. Obviously it is of prime importance that the cause of this pain should be removed, and to accomplish this you should obtain some pure bisurated magnesia from your chemist and take half a teaspoonful in a little

water immediately after meals. This will instantly neutralise the harmful acid in your stomach and prevent all possibility of food fermentation. Drugs do not overcome this acid—they simply deaden the symptoms and give a false sense of security. That is why those who rely on drugs gradually become worse and worse, until the stomach itself becomes actually diseased.

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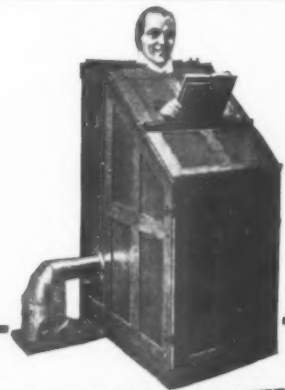
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THE HOUSEWIFE AS LAUNDRESS

and three or four separate utensils, three-parts filled with warm soapsuds, will be required. The water used for soaking must not be hot, because this sets the dirt instead of loosening it. The soapsuds are made by stirring soap jelly (made at home from pieces of soap) or a reliable soap-powder to a froth with a little very hot water. Tepid water is then added until the required quantity of soaking mixture is acquired. The water in which handkerchiefs are to be soaked should have a handful of coarse salt stirred in, for this makes them more easy to wash; they should always be soaked by themselves. In another tub place all the face and bath towels, pillow cases, etc. The starched articles need a separate soaking pail; and kitchen cloths, dusters, and rubbers, or other cloths that are much soiled, must not be mixed with the finer articles. The pessimistic housewife will, of course, argue that this array of soaking tubs will occupy her scullery and possibly overflow into the kitchen. Let me hasten to explain that as there will probably be not more than eight or nine articles in the "starch" pail, and that sixteen to twenty handkerchiefs take up very little space, these "pails" can take the form of enamel bowls, which can be placed one on the other inside the copper or under a scullery table. In fact, if the largest soaking pail is covered with a board (possibly the top of the copper will do), and the three others are stood on this, the whole array can be pushed under a table and will not occupy any space at all. When the cloths have soaked for several hours they should be beaten and well stirred with the wooden copper-stick, and if the soapsuds are very dirty it may be advisable to make some fresh. When short curtains are being washed it is well to shake out all the loose dust before soaking them in cool soda water, which will need changing several times before they are finally placed in the tepid soapsud bath. If this is done they will become quite clean without any rubbing and consequent tearing of the muslin. By the time washing-day has arrived the dirt will be mostly in the water, and what remains in the articles will be so loose that a very short boiling in fresh soapsuds will effect complete cleansing.

System in Boiling

It stands to reason that the least-soiled articles are boiled first, and my plan is to put

them into the copper as soon as the fire is lighted. By the time the soapsuds boil they are ready to lift out with the copper-stick into a bowl of clean warm water, and others are put into the copper to boil. A quarter of an hour's steady boiling is enough for well-soaked articles; further boiling tends to spoil the colour of the linen or cotton. No rubbing is necessary. It is sometimes advisable to scrub handkerchiefs or doilies that are stained, in which case they are placed on a board and scrubbed with a not too stiff brush. These two items (the brush and scrubbing board), together with a wringer, comprise the home washing outfit, and it is hardly necessary to wet the hands excepting during the short processes of rinsing and starching.

I may say here that the old-fashioned mangle, which is both cumbersome and expensive, is not a necessity. There are several makes of small wringers that cost very little, and if carefully used will wring quite large articles, and last for years. It is best to clamp and screw them permanently on to the end of the scullery table.

Indoor and Outdoor Drying

Drying out of doors is supposed to be the ideal method of drying in order to retain the snowy whiteness of linen and cotton materials, and given favourable conditions—a country garden or field—of course the washing will be dried in the fresh air. Some housewives maintain that a town backyard is better than drying indoors, but I am inclined to think that thorough washing, mangling until the articles are almost dry, and finally drying off before a kitchen fire, is a better process than to expose the clean cloths to the smut-laden atmosphere. I dare say some of my readers will be surprised to read that I consider mangling or wringing as the greatest aid to home washing, but they will find that if the powers of these instruments are used to their utmost limit a great deal of time, labour and firing will be saved.

Take the Treatment of Handkerchiefs as an Example

When the final rinsing in cold blued water is finished, the handkerchiefs are roughly folded and run through the wringer two or three times. They are then unfolded, well shaken, the sides and corners pulled into

THE QUIVER

shape, folded in halves, and placed in a pile. Four or six are then run several times through the wringer, then more are added, until they have acquired the same dampness that would be necessary if they were rough-dried, sprinkled, and rolled down. They can be ironed at once or rolled down in a clean cloth for an hour or so. This method is also used with the kitchen cloths, dusters, etc., and after eighteen months of such laundering I can honestly say that the handkerchiefs, face towels, and cloths of all descriptions are as fresh and snowy as if they had been washed in the old-fashioned way. It is not necessary to iron pillow cases, face towels, and such articles. They can be well mangled and dried either out of doors or in front of the fire, and finally run through a well-screwed-down wringer before they are put away. After all, they are not hand ironed at the laundry, but finished off between the hot metal rollers of a mangle.

Starching

Starches vary so much that it is difficult to give the exact proportions, and there is also to be taken into account the fact that some housewives like their starched linens much stiffer than do others. The best method is to procure a reliable brand of powdered starch and to carefully study the printed instructions for making whichever kind of starch is required. Whether clear (hot-water starch) or cold starch is to be used, the starch powder is always first mixed with cold water.

The following is a good general recipe for cold-water starch: 2 oz. powdered starch, $\frac{3}{4}$ pint cold water, 1 teaspoonful turpentine, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful powdered borax.

Put the starch into a basin and gradually add the water. Let this stand for twelve hours. When about to use the starch, stir in the borax (dissolved in a very little hot water) and the turpentine, and mix thoroughly. The additions of the turpentine (which must be the best procurable) and borax give a dainty gloss to the linen, and assist the iron to run smoothly over the surface.

How to Get-up Small Starched Articles

Table-napkins, traycloths, small teacloths, etc., should be starched after the first mangling, then folded, re-mangled, and rolled

down, and set aside for an hour or so. Have the irons thoroughly hot and brightly polished. Spread a napkin evenly on the ironing-sheet, with the right side uppermost. *N.B.*—All linen must be ironed on the right side first. Iron the hems, being careful to keep the sides straight and the corners square; then iron the centre. Turn over and repeat the process on the wrong side. Fold exactly in three, press the folds, then fold in four, and iron again. Air well before putting in the linen cupboard. Doilies and teacloths that are trimmed with crochet lace and insertions should never be starched. There are two ways by which a sufficient degree of stiffness can be obtained. First, by rinsing the cloth in boiling water, and, secondly, by rinsing in equal parts of cold water and milk. In both cases the linen centre is ironed first on the right side and then on the wrong. The lace and insertion are pulled gently into shape and pressed on the wrong side only. Some elaborate crochet work is better not ironed at all—merely pulled into shape and pinned to the top of a deal table and left till dry. If this is done carefully the crochet will look as it did when new and unwashed. Doilies and cloths ornamented with Cluny, torchon, or machine-made lace have the edging ironed first (on the wrong side) before the linen centre is ironed.

The Importance of Airing

In her haste to free the kitchen from having the appearance of a laundry, the housewife is sometimes tempted to put away her linen before it is thoroughly aired. This is a great mistake, and in the case of many starched articles, etc., one that will prove very costly. If stored in the linen cupboard whilst still damp the linen will soon acquire a very bad colour and will also rot. Linen not in constant use should be kept wrapped in blue wrapper, which preserves its snowy whiteness and protects it from dust. When certain articles are not likely to be required for several months, it is best to rough-dry them, taking care that all starch is boiled out of the material. Long sideboard cloths, round table-centres, and afternoon teacloths should be rolled, for the creases made in folding them are distinctly disfiguring. It is quite easy to make rollers from corrugated paper covered with washable slips of sateen or muslin.



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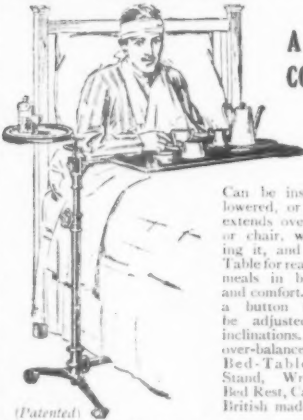
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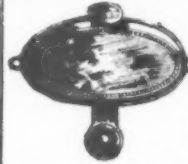
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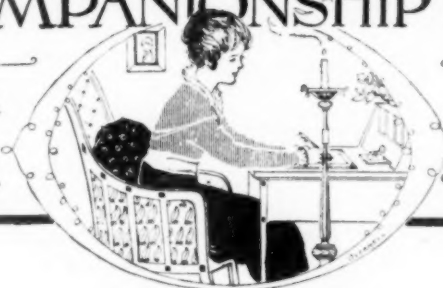
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The COMPANIONSHIP PAGES

Conducted
by
Alison



Motto.
"By Love
Serve One Another"

How, When and
Where Corner,
April, 1926

MY DEAR CHUMS,—Has any one of you remembered, I wonder, that this month of April completes the six years of our work for our protégés? It was in May, 1910, that we adopted Violet, and undertook to pay her expenses from Dr. Barnardo's Homes, here, to Canada. And each year since the money for her maintenance over there has been provided by our Companionship. Someone called our fund "The Violet Fund," after her.

Over the Past

To-day I have been going through the file of our Corner Chats. And I have been reminded of such numbers of pleasant things; of your good comradeship; of delightful incidents in our fun and in work together; and of how much the many little can aggregate when put all together. Looking back over these pages I find suggestions of many, many

"... little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love."

As you will guess, there is plenty of cheeriness in these pages and a cause for happiness that we have been able to have each other's companionship for the six years. We must be glad, too, that our work, beginning so simply, has grown and been so successful.

Perhaps I may remind you of its development. It was in March, 1911, that our Editor

gave us that delightful "surprise," the £27 which enabled us to take the responsibility of David Morrison in the same way as we were concerned for Violet. And then in December of that year I was able to write: "Your gifts have come in so beautifully that our Editor and I felt we might justly extend our scheme." Our Christmas joy was that we were able to adopt Lena. That made altogether three children for whom we were responsible—no light sum total to be raised in small amounts, that meant. For boys' and girls' pocket money is not usually very large, and it generally has enormous demands made upon it! However, my Companions proved worthy of the trust we had in them; they rallied splendidly to the work—so splendidly that in the May of three years ago we were able to

add a fourth protégé to their charge. Philip was he, the jolly little fellow whose career in the Farningham Homes we are all watching eagerly.

That, barely, is the record of our stewardship. It is only the outward thing. The real living treasure is the beautiful spirit that has been through all the years behind your work. At the beginning we felt that interest and pleasure for ourselves was not all our Companionship must aim at providing. When we had a competition on the question of a motto for our Companionship. VERA ANDREWS' suggestion was adopted. This motto, I can honestly say, has been the inspiration of your work for others, for our children; the



Philip.

THE QUIVER

spirit of the words that head our pages has been the guiding spirit of it all.

If a strange reader were to ask proof of our success we could give it. There is Violet, happy, radiant, growing into a useful woman in the Canadian home to which she went as a little girl. There is David, now earning his living, "doing his bit" for our Empire, on the fields of Ontario, sturdy, healthy and progressing—as last month's report showed—in all ways. There is Lena of the laughing brown eyes, dearly loved by her foster father and mother, developing into just such a womanhood as the world needs to-day. And then there is Philip—a jolly, happy schoolboy, being helped to become a useful man by all the fine influences that encircle him in the Children's Cottage in Kent. All are being given opportunities they would not have received but for the loving care that they have had in these childish years.

Four New Citizens

Four capable, well-equipped citizens they bid fair to be. Surely to have had a share, even a tiny share, in giving them their equipment, and in giving them to the world, is something about which we may be very glad!

When turning over those old pages I realised how many friends we have had among the readers of our magazine who are not Companions. It is surprising what a number of anonymous half-crowns and shillings and half-sovereigns have been slipped into our hands. Then, too, there was that lovely surprise gift of £20 that came as an impetus when we wanted it rather badly.



Lena.

I am delighted, moreover, in being reminded of the numbers of those who joined in the first twelve months or so, and still retain their interest in our Companionship. One who joined early presently wrote me a funny card asking that his name should be removed from our list. He was, he said then, far too grown up to belong any more. He had reached his—fourteenth birthday! I was

merely amused, though rather sorry for my boy correspondent. It must be awful to be so painfully grown up! What would he say if he knew the ages (in years) of all our members—and if he could see the list of our Companions who to-day are serving "their King and Country" in the Army, or of our splendid girl and women workers in hospitals, banks, offices and other business places? Well, luckily, our membership has had a constant accession of those who—

whether seven or seventeen, and much nearer seventy—are still young enough to enjoy our comradeship. There are some, of course, who have tired of the Companionship, from whom I hear no more.

Our Wide Circle

But it would be too big an undertaking to mention all the names of Companions of the earlier years who are still loyal comrades and write to me more or less frequently. I say "Thank you" to each of these. He or she who sees this will know that it is a very hearty and affectionate "Thank you." Some I have met personally—I should like to be able to say it of all. But we learn something of each other through letters exchanged. A correspondence friendship is not a thing to be despised.

It has been exceedingly interesting to

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SEND FOR YOURS TO-DAY.

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PRISONERS ILL IN GERMANY A LETTER

Englanderlager, Ruhleben, 8th September, 1915.

Dear Sir,

We beg to thank you in the name of this camp for the sixty-seven cases of Prisoners' Comforts which you so generously sent us through the Prisoners of War Help Committee. We found the contents most acceptable, especially the Plasmon Cocoa and Plasmon Oats, which were a great boon, particularly to those who required special diet.

*(Signed) FRED. W. HANSON,
STANLEY LAMBERT,*

*To the Editor, "Khaki Magazine,"
London.*

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"Plasmon Oats and Plasmon Cocoa make BONE
MUSCLE, BRAIN, and are magnificent foods for
GROWING CHILDREN." ———, M.D.

THE COMPANIONSHIP PAGES

have a quick glance at the very varied means of money raising that have been tried on behalf of our Violet Fund. Quite early in our history (October, 1910) a member wrote: "Father has just given me another shilling, which, he says, I have earned. *It's fine to be a worker.*"

That glorious discovery has been made by not a few Companions, I fancy, in connection with our work. What varieties of money earning and money making you have tried: boot cleaning, bicycle cleaning, flower growing and selling, needlework, lawn mowing, errand running, magazine editing—these are a few I recall. Concerts, sales of work, and all kinds of entertainments have brought grist to the mill. And as I re-read accounts of some of these I re-discovered what "merry hearts" had helped to ensure their success, as well as the hard work and devotion put into them.

I can hear a chorus of inquiries saying: "Why does Alison drag all this in now, I wonder?"

You are right to ask, and it is only fair to give some explanation.

My New Surprise

All of us who are thinking at all now feel that this great war is changing nearly everything. We so often hear said: "Things can never be the same again." You, even the youngest of our Companions, must feel it, to some extent. We shall have to co-operate in building, as it were, a new and more beautiful world when the war is over. Upon those who are the boys and girls of to-day a very great portion of the new building work must fall. The future is in your keeping. What you are and do will be absolutely vital, for good or ill, to the future of the world.

It is because I know this, and feel it so strongly, that I want you to co-operate with me in a new way. Next month, I hope, I shall try to explain something of my thought in the matter, and tell you of the fresh organisation I want your help in forming. You have proved yourselves, very many of you, comrades to be truly proud of, and I am hoping to have your backing in the fresh venture. It is to be, I trust, a bigger—much more useful combination than our present Companionship. All of the old that is beautiful and strong we want to carry forward into the newer, gladder union of

the coming months and years. I must tell you that, of course, our Editor approves thoroughly of the plans, and is ready as ever with all his help and encouragement.

The Letter Box

Now, I must not stop to discuss that any further. My letter-box is bulging, and you will like to see some, at least, of its contents.

New Year gifts came from several members. NORA SMITH (Cumberland) sent one, with a kind note. She and MARY are toiling for the Durham Matriculation Exam., so had little time for letter writing. MADGE WILLIAMS was another contributor, and she was studying hard for the London Matriculation, in June, also. MARY JACK (Lanarkshire) sent her gift for Lena. BETTY McCANDLISH (Essex) and MAUD ARMSTRONG (Northumberland), DOROTHY POWELL (South Wales) and LUCY KIRKLEY (Northumberland), too, expressed good wishes for 1916, and enclosed contributions. DORIS GALBRAITH, BETTY BALFOUR and MARIE GOODIN were correspondents in Jamaica, from whom it was nice to receive fresh letters. MARJORIE HEARD (London) and JESSIE H. ANDERSON (Glasgow) were also contributors to Our Fund.



Violet.

THE QUIVER

New Friends who Join us

NAN YOUNGER (age 11: Lanarkshire) is the daughter of a mother who has taken our magazine for 17 years! I shall look for a long letter, Nan, soon, in your excellent handwriting. MABEL READ (age 9: Northumberland) is another new junior. LOIS TAYLOR, also. She lives in Grenada, and is twelve. J. WILLIAM COPELAND is another nine-year-old member. His home is in Yorkshire. CLARKE MURPHY is an addition to our happily growing membership in Ireland. Her age is fifteen. I shall look for a most interesting letter soon, please, Clarke.

EDWARD L. CLARKE (age 26) has followed Our Corner with interest for three years while in Canada. Now he has come back to the Homeland, to join a famous Scottish regiment, to which his father also had belonged. He wrote a kind letter from the barracks at —, and asked permission to join us. Needless to say, we are glad to welcome him, and all together wish him prosperity and very good luck in the training that he is now undergoing. This new member inquires about several others, in S. Africa, in New Zealand and even in Scotland—Companions from whom letters have not appeared recently!

GLADYS L. MILES (age 17: Devonshire) says that she, too, has been long interested in our Companionship, and decided to join. I sometimes try to imagine what it is that makes it necessary "to screw up courage to ask if I may join," as correspondents so frequently remark. Who can explain it to me? What is the awe-inspiring barrier?

EILEEN MURPHY (Herts) was pleased with her prize. She is "taking a man's place" in one of the Government offices—another for our list of workers. PHYLLIS BRISSENDEN (Kent) was tremendously busy, as all bank workers are, during January, but managed to find time for a kind New Year letter.

We have several soldier members in the West Indian contingent, as well as others in English regiments. I have been particularly interested in recent letters from the former. One of our girl members in the West Indies has been writing to me about the splendid way the men of those far islands have come forward to help the Motherland.

I was very glad when I learned that these brave fellows were being moved to a warmer

climate than ours in which to complete their training. We wish them "good luck"—all together—and to all our soldier Companions as well.

One other note I must quote. It has no address, so I can only say "Thank you" here, and can give no other receipt for the gift enclosed. "I think the work splendid," says the writer, "and the badge could not be better chosen. I wonder if your young folks have noticed the great amount of perfume which the small sweet-scented violet can give, quite out of proportion to its size; also, the exquisite purity of the white wild sweet-scented violet. All your Violets are doing fine work, and I wish you and them every success in 1916.—A GROWN VIOLET."

Evidently story-writing, even as a relaxation, is out of fashion in these days among our Companions. Fewer entries reached me than in any other competition of the kind. The prize goes to "BRANDWOOD" for her little sketch, "In an Hour of Danger." It is the story of a Puritan girl's saving of her father from the High Commissioners who had to enforce the Act of Uniformity. "GWYNETH'S" story had good points, and deserves mention; but your seven-year-old heroine is really a little too old for her years, Gwyneth! Our new Irish member, CLARKE MURPHY, also deserves mention. We have so much to get into our pages this month that I cannot, I am sorry to say, print the story here.

A long-time member, EFFIE FORBES (Aberdeenshire) sends me a kind note from the hospital, in the south of England, where she is training as a nurse.

"I have been here for over eight months, but it does not seem like that length of time," she writes. "It has passed so pleasantly and the work is so very interesting. I need not enlarge on the beauty of the country, as I have no doubt you know it well; but I like my profession very much. It is so nice to do even a little for the sick. I am often in London, as I have plenty of friends there."

Patience, please, for next month. But you may guess as much as you wish about our new plans. And, too, you may send me just as many letters as you like!

Your Comrade,

Phon.

Your friend in a hundred troubles



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